Poor Chicago *James Ridgeway*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 15, 1965, 35 cents

Wave of the Past

In reviewing Lyndon Johnson's first hundred days as elected President, we wrote that his astuteness and humanity would meet their toughest test in foreign affairs. On the results to date, he just misses flunking. Just misses, in our judgment, because he has not yet bombed Hanoi, we are not yet at war with China, and the President did refuse to try and ram an Atlantic nuclear navy down Europe's throat. Otherwise, the score is mighty poor. There has been a series of expanding errors, beginning with the brusque handling of Panama and culminating, thus far, in the widening war in Vietnam and last week's invasion of the Dominican Republic. For all the Administration's belated bows before the Organization of American States, sending 25,000 American servicemen to the Dominican Republic violated the OAS charter, which declares in at least two of its articles that no state or states have the right to intervene in the affairs of any other state, and that on no grounds whatever may any OAS territory be subject even temporarily to military occupation. It would therefore be a touching homage to honesty were Ambassador Stevenson to (Continued on page 5)

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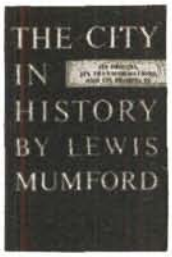

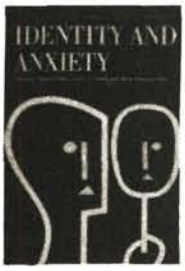

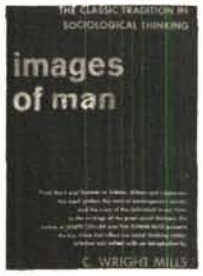

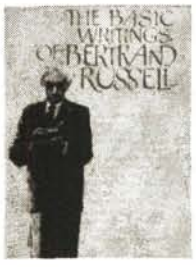

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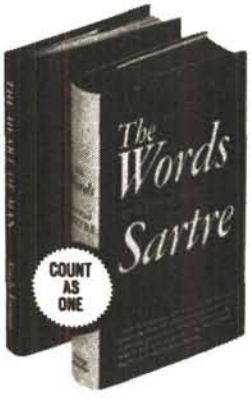

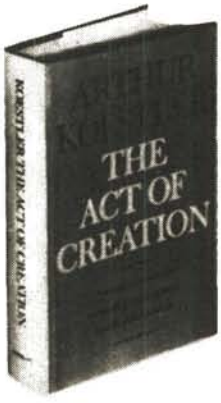

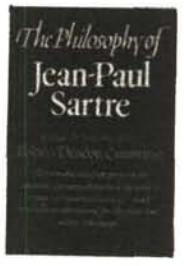

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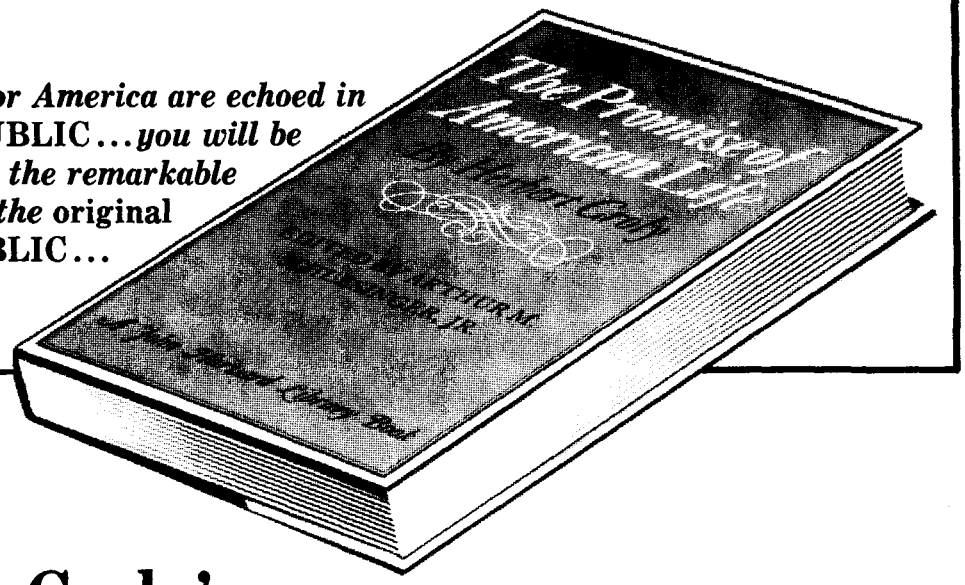

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Edited and with an Introduction by
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

On Revolution

★ Vietnam and the Dominican Republic are alike in some ways. Each is backward. Each has an exploding population that hates money-lenders, tax collectors and landlords. Circumstances differ, of course, but in each case homes are primitive, lives short and improvement so difficult that Communism looks interesting.

We don't want the two countries to try Communism. We want them to achieve the better life by democratic, constitutional reform that won't expropriate anybody or kill anybody. How do they do it? Why, they vote for it, the way we do and we will help a bit. We aren't rigid about our ideas either; we don't let illiterates vote at home but we think it might be all right for them to do so abroad, provided they select firm, benevolent, intelligent leaders, legally elected, with middle-class aspirations and a passion for free enterprise.

Well, it seems a bit difficult, doesn't it? The tricky Communists are right there, always ready to take an unfair advantage of misery. The US is trying to shoot down an idea with rocket missiles. Something more is needed.

In the world at large the gap between rich and poor is widening all the time. Marx thought of the gap as between people, but today the class war is developing between nations. Worse still, it is tending to be between races, the long-nosed blonds against the darkskins.

We wealthy countries are badly outnumbered; we are just a comfortable suburb sitting outside the teeming millions of the impoverished. Santo Domingo isn't the island; we are. Anybody with half an eye can see a revolution coming, when the rising population line slices through the food line. Some economists like Gunnar Myrdal say this will happen in 10 years.

This column can be wrong. But to us it isn't a question of whether there is a revolution, but whether it will be peaceful or bloody. In Paraguay, for example, it was estimated, a couple of years ago, that 1,552 landlords under dictator Stroesser own three-fourths of the land; that 25 people hold acreage equivalent to Denmark, Belgium and Holland.

In one of his statements last week at the White House, Mr. Johnson noted that his intelligence reports each morning indicate difficulties in "dozens of spots" throughout the world: "We were due at least one revolution in another country yesterday," he observed. "It didn't come through, but intelligence reports had indicated it might."

So this is the story of the revolution that didn't come through. It's waiting there all right. It will come. It will come.

Ike's Advice

★ As the President strolled around the lovely White House grounds last week at twilight, trying to unwind, accompanied by a phalanx of reporters, he cited a letter from General Eisenhower. Ike wrote: "If there is anyone who opposes the President in his conduct of our foreign affairs, he should send his views on a confidential basis to the Administration; none of us should try to divide the support that citizens owe to their Head of State in critical international situations."

We trust you will all take this to heart. If you want to complain about Vietnam or Santo Domingo, go through channels.

George Meany

★ Is there any other country besides the US where business is more liberal than labor in a major field of public affairs? The US Chamber of Commerce and the NAM are far more liberal than the AFL-CIO on trade with Russia. Groups of businessmen, with the consent of the Administration, have explored the possibility of expanding trade. Leaders of practically every Western country hope that increased trade and cultural relations will reduce cold war tensions. At the Chamber's annual convention, just held here, it took an enlightened position on several points. It condemned the vicious "Connally Reservation" which the 79th Congress passed as America's escape clause from the World Court. It damages our prestige all over the world. The Chamber also urged the government to explore steps "to more effectively open channels of communication with the people of mainland China." Very good in spite of a split infinitive.

But compare this with the dogmatic, doctrinaire AFL-CIO. Last January President George Meany attacked businessmen who called for trade expansion with "the Communist regimes." In March the Executive Council denounced as a "myth" the widespread notion that trade expansion with Moscow would help rationalize relations, or might split off satellites.

The American labor movement is a disappointment to a lot of us. Its membership seems stuck on dead center. So far from being radical it is to the right of the Chamber of Commerce in international affairs. President George Meany, 70, follows the anti-Red line of Jay Lovestone, director of the International Affairs Department. He has only just been persuaded not to take American labor out of the International Labor Organization (ILO). Visiting Americans are always astonished to find the respectability of the British pub second only to the Established Church; visiting Englishmen are stunned to find the American labor movement well to the right of management on world affairs.

★ *Notes:* Negroes have most to lose if the Dirksen constitutional amendment to undercut the "one-man, one-vote" reapportionment decision passes; outside of the South most Negroes live in the disenfranchised cities. . . . How state malapportionment works: On March 2 the Missouri House, 68-83, killed a $1 minimum wage bill; the 68 votes represented 2.7 million people, the 83 votes only 1.3 million. . . . The mail of Congressmen is running against the US Vietnam war. . . . You'll be glad to know the US has $13 billion invested in defense stockpiles; this includes 7,418,509 pounds of feathers.

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Wave of the Past

smile the next time he is required to rise in the United Nations and extol the rule of law. The US not only did not consult the OAS, but seems deliberately to have tried to conceal what its real motives were by insisting up to the last minute that protection of US citizens was the sole reason for having sent in troops. "There was certainly nothing like that," said Presidential Press Secretary Reedy the morning after, when asked if the aim was to prevent a Communist take-over.

Comparisons are invidious, yet it has to be recalled that John F. Kennedy in 1962 at the time of the Cuba missiles crisis acted only after irrefutable evidence was at hand of Soviet placement of intermediate ballistic missiles in Cuba. Even then, and despite the urgent need for speed, Mr. Kennedy consulted with the OAS every step of the way. Moreover, he knew his own mind and his advisers knew he knew it, so they could and did push a variety of ideas at him hard. Who is pushing today, and what? When so-called "hawks" present their views to Mr. Johnson, they seem to be pushing at an open door, which, however, is barred to less simple-minded suggestions.

And that is not the worst. Increasingly, the Administration betrays not just irritation or impatience, but a sort of cold and powerful anger when alternative suggestions are made – either by friends abroad or at home. In recent days, Mr. Johnson or his advisers have managed to offend Japan (the Japanese press was accused of being "infiltrated" by Communists), the President of Pakistan and the Prime Minister of India, who were disinvited to Washington for not seeing eye to eye with the Administration about China and Vietnam, and the Prime Ministers of Canada and Britain, who were allowed to come and see the President but blotted their copybooks by presuming to proffer advice that did not entirely coincide with US policy. Peevishness would be an all-too-human fault, but this is a perilous manner of dealing with differences. And the President does not reserve his petulance for foreigners. When before, one might ask, has it been suggested that Americans should follow their President dumbly down whatever dead end he chooses to lead them? There may be occasions when one can do other than trust and hope. But any suggestion that criticism of foreign policy is unpatriotic is unprecedented (even in time of war) and repugnant.

Fortunately, a number of citizens who are no less interested than the President in the cause of freedom are expressing and, one prays, will continue to express, their dissents. It is our own judgment, for example, that in the Far East, the US should long ago have taken steps to try and break down Communist China's isolation from the community of nations, that our government should have recog-

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nized Communist China, and ought now to be prepared to include the Viet Cong in "unconditional discussions" about the future of South Vietnam, two-thirds of which they control. In Latin America, our present policies are equally in need of basic revision.

The United States must stop appearing partial to reactionary regimes whose professed anti-Communism holds our government in bondage, and we must do this not only because freedom is our trademark, but because these regimes are the wave of the past and we do not wish to go down with them. Mr. Johnson wants to block the road to Communism, and so do we all. For that, one needs the active participation of the people of these countries which are vulnerable to Communist agitation. In Latin America, with whom in fact are we becoming allied in this fight against Communism? US Marines entered the Dominican Republic not to save that nation's first democratically elected government in 30 years. On the contrary the overthrow of that democratic government of Juan Bosch by a military *junta* raised no loud alarms in Washington. Indeed, following the overthrow of the Bosch government in 1963, the US made more money available to the Dominican Republic than it had ever done before. Now, however, the Marines land to prevent a populace devoted to the party of Bosch from restoring constitutional government. Mr. Johnson last week said that the people of the Dominican Republic "must be permitted to freely choose the path of political democracy, social justice and economic progress." That being our intent, why not, while US troops are still there, hold a referendum posing a single question to the people: Do you want the constitutional government restored?

It took the Administration over a week to patch together and make public (but not officially) every shred of evidence with which to back up its claim that Communists had "infiltrated" the Dominican revolt and were rapidly rising to the top. Of course there are a handful of Communists in the Dominican Republic. Who ever doubted it? But 55 Communists, with sharp differences among themselves, neither made nor controlled the revolt, nor have they been the allies of Juan Bosch. The present leader of the constitutional forces (read rebel) is not, by the admission of Mr. Johnson's envoy to the Dominican Republic, John Bartlow Martin, a Communist – though it would not be too surprising if he became one. For the real effort of our military exercise will not be the isolation or denigration of "extremist elements"; it will be the radicalization of Latin America, with democratic forces driven into the arms of Communists – in despair, having bitterly concluded that the only choice is between US-supported militarists and Castro-type revolutions. There may only have been 55 known Communists active in the Dominican revolt last week, but one can be sure the number of Communist sympathizers will multiply in proportion to the duration of the US occupation.

The Administration now emphasizes close cooperation with the OAS. But who in the OAS will it trust to be anti-Communist enough? Yes, the invasion of the Dominican Republic has been cheered by Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Paraguay, Bolivia – all governed by the military. But Mexico, Uruguay, Ecuador, Chile, Peru, Costa Rica and even Venezuela, a country that has reason to fear a Castro-type insurrection, have been badly shaken by what has happened. The Costa Rica delegate to the OAS spoke for many when he rebuked "the mental laxity that confuses social reform with Communism."

Political upheavals of one sort or another are the order of the day, and we face a series of disasters unless the US recognizes that it has neither the right nor the power, finally, to "vet" the political systems of other nations. This government, Mr. Johnson says, intends "to carry on the struggle against tyranny no matter in what ideology it cloaks itself." Are we to conclude from what happened in the Dominican Republic that the Johnson Administration means to send the Marines to suppress any revolt that just might eventually come under the control of some kind of Marxists? That is a prescription for global anti-Americanism. The Russians have learned, and the Chinese will learn later, that there are sharp limits to the control a great power can exercise, even over its neighbors. Immunity to Communism may be built up by striving for social justice, and to tyranny by genuine dedication to political democracy. Nevertheless, there are going to be reactionary regimes and regimes containing Communists – including some in Latin America – whatever the US does or does not do. Where the cause of democracy is temporarily lost, either through ineptitude or for any other reason, the US and the rest of the non-Communist world have to live with that disagreeable fact, while patiently working to change it. This implies no support for the "domino theory." There is no suggestion here that many countries are suckers for Communism, so that if one falls others will follow. On the contrary, among the new or developing countries, exceptions to a vigorous rejection of Communism have been remarkably few. We conclude from this that the non-Communist world can well afford to pursue the brightening possibilities of a détente with Russia and an end to the Cold War. The Administration, however, is becoming almost neurotically irritable when allies or friends dare to say so. Nothing could delight the Communists more than this spectacle of the mighty, armed-to-the-teeth US defacing its own image, out of an exaggerated fear of their power to subvert the world. This is not a foreign policy, it is a gut reaction, and the time has come to end it.

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Researching Social Needs

California state economists face three chronic problems: employment for the increasing influx of immigrants from other regions, economic dependence on politically volatile defense and aerospace industries, and rapid expansion of state services. Now with uncommon sophistication for state government, California has started an experiment which may help to resolve all three. Four huge aerospace companies are at work on research and development studies for the state: Aerojet-General on waste management, Space-General on handling juvenile delinquents and criminals, Lockheed on a technologically advanced information system to aid state planning, and North American Aviation on mass transportation.

The contracts ($100,000 each) are suitably small for an experimental effort, but the promises are enormous. A third of California workers are employed by aerospace or in support of it, and the state's unemployment figure is 6.5 percent – higher than the national average. Untrue to classic labor-supply theories, immigrants continue to pour into the economy. To make matters worse, young Californians (in an explosive progression) want jobs as middle-echelon technologists.

But the aerospace industry is in a kind of permanent malaise. It has never come to grips with the threat of reconversion of the national economy to a non-military base. And even if foreign crises make reconversion improbable, the great breakthroughs in military hardware seem to be over for a while, and the high-powered task forces which developed them are breaking apart. At the same time, the industry is in the process of national diffusion from its concentrated foundations in Southern California and the San Francisco peninsula.

Both state officials and industry have an interest in keeping the technology teams together, and providing new demands for manufacturers. The companies fairly leaped at the contracts: some have spent more than $50,000 on their bid proposals alone; others are spending much more than any possible return just for the chance to help the project get started.

California has half the research and development capacity in the US. The federal government makes good use of it for military problems, but there is little similar work being done on pressing civilian needs. Corporations spend vast sums on developing their own products, but states have never had the means or the facilities to research their needs. Obviously, the finances of any state – even California – cannot begin to meet the costs of producing the systems the studies might show were possible. A waste management system, for instance, could involve construction of plants, design and manufacture of new equipment, hiring of thousands of employees, and provisions for continuing research and development. It might coincide with a water supply system; it seems that treatment of some wastes might produce potable drinking water more cheaply than saline conversion. The task force is expected to report on the feasibility of all these notions, and also to study financing needs and legal and political problems – much as a defense R and D team goes into the hardware, economic and political needs of a new strategic situation.

Strangely enough, members of the study groups need not be experts in the fields they are investigating. They are "systems analysts," who presumably can plug data into complicated formulae and come out with valid answers to any problem. The data must be intelligently selected – "you put garbage into a computer," a current epigram has it, "and you get garbage out" – and the task forces get intense help from experts in the various areas of concern. The universities, which have long had functional relationships with technological industries in California, are offering help. It isn't often that government, education and industry are so productively joined.

Challenge to Nasser

The Arab League came into existence before the United Nations and is the oldest of the regional security organizations countenanced by Article 51 of the Charter. It is also, on paper, the most complete one. Its underlying scheme for political and economic collaboration, for meshing military policies, and for pacifically settling inter-Arab disputes, if fulfilled, would amount to the foundation of a unified Arab state – an ideal which Arab governments have habitually honored in speech but avoided in practice. The single thread on which unity has hung is an unrelenting hostility toward an independent Israel. The Arab states have not succeeded in expunging Israel, but they have succeeded, at least in form, in keeping alive a common disposition not to accept their failure to destroy it.

Now, Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba has publicly challenged that proposition. The challenge has been prompted by a series of events stemming from Egypt's attempt to rally the Arab states to punish the German Federal Republic for recognizing Israel. Implicitly, Bourguiba's castigation of Nasser as a would-be dictator of the Arab world and his call for negotiations with Israel raises an issue over Egypt's and Nasser's preeminence in the Arab world and even a reproach to the Arab League's existence. No such basic challenge has been raised since 1955, when Nuri as-Said carried Iraq into the ill-starred Baghdad Pact. Nuri forfeited his life for the venture. It remains to be seen whether a similar reprisal will be attempted against Bourguiba.

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Business Administration

Junior Achievement, a national organization which encourages high school students to organize small-scale businesses "under the guidance of adult advisers from business and industry," is starting a program – one of 400 – in the national capital area. According to JA, the students will "develop a realistic understanding of the organization and operation of a business enterprise [and] gain understanding, based on personal experience, of the responsibilities and rewards of initiative and enterprise."

Admirable goals. But JA does not go far enough in exposing youngsters to the varieties of American business experience. In light of some recent press reports, it could add at least three short courses:

1. Labor Relations – Adult adviser: William J. Levitt, founder and president of Levitt & Sons, Inc., which built Levittown, N.Y., Levittown, N.J., and Levittown, Pa. Mr. Levitt is an adviser to the Chase Manhattan Bank, and a member of the Board of Overseers of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. He has been on the cover of *Time* magazine.

Program: Students will learn how Levitt and an impressive list of Eastern businessmen came to be in touch with SGS Associates, a public and labor relations consulting firm operating out of an unimpressive office on 44th Street in New York City. They will meet Carlo ("Don Carlo") Gambino, the "G" of SGS, who is a prince of the New York Mafia, and they will see Henry H. Saltzstein, one of the "S's", who is a convicted burglar and bookie. They will find out how SGS improved Mr. Levitt's labor relations over the past 13 years, and how Mr. Levitt built much of his vast real estate projects without the aid of union help.

2. Stocks and bonds – Adult advisers: Thomas S. Lamont, former vice chairman of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and a member of the Corporation of Harvard College; and Charles F. Fogarty, executive vice president of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company.

Program: Students will issue play "stock certificates" and distribute them among themselves after learning how company "insiders" can get advance word of important news before it reaches the public. Dr. Fogarty will go through the complicated steps necessary to confirm the existence of a major zinc and ore deposit before ordinary stockholders can be notified. The students will weigh the competing claims of government control agencies and private corporations. They will see how the Securities and Exchange Commission has criticized Texas Gulf Sulphur "insiders" (including Dr. Fogarty) for buying up company shares or tipping off friends to do so, between the time of the ore strike (November, 1963) and the first public announcement, the following April. A public relations expert from the company will instruct the students in the problems of press announcements. He will show them copies of one statement denying rumors of the great ore strike, and another – issued a few days later – confirming them.

Mr. Lamont will argue that as a director of Texas Gulf Sulphur he heard about the ore find only an hour or so before the confirmation to reporters and then flew to a telephone to tell a Morgan Guaranty banker before it could be published. It was an act of charity, for the banker immediately bought 8,000 shares for the accounts of a hospital, a profit-sharing fund for bank employees, and some 200 other trusts. Despite this good work, Mr. Lamont has been charged along with the 12 "insiders" with violating the SEC rules.

3. Contracts and Corporation Development – Adult adviser: Charles B. ("Tex") Thornton, chairman of the board of Litton Industries, a member of the special commission considering problems of ethics at the Air Force Academy and a recipient of the Horatio Alger Award for exemplary business leadership. He, too, has been on the cover of *Time*.

Program: Students will tour the Los Angeles County Superior Court room where last month Mr. Thornton and his associates lost a civil suit for $7.5 million. Emmett T. Steele, a former Litton employee, said that Thornton had promised him one-fifth of the founders' stock of Litton when the company was in its infancy. Now, the company is grossing $700 million a year.

The students will go over the 1,800 pages of trial testimony, hear how a first-rate battery of Litton lawyers attempted to convince the jury that Steele could not develop a JA barbecue stand, let alone a huge electronics combine, and that, therefore, Thornton would never have promised him a slice of the company. They will see how the jury was unconvinced. At the end of the program, students and advisers will debate the topic, "Virtue Is Not Its Own Reward."

Pulitzer Prizes

The Pulitzer prizes were endowed by a newspaper publisher, and in the various fields of journalism, the awards have usually been well bestowed. In other factual fields – general non-fiction, history, biography – any dissent about chosen laureates is almost always dissent at a high level. It is in the arts that the Pulitzer judges can be relied on for amusement every spring. Thus, after some starvation years in the drama, last year's production of Robert Lowell's extraordinary poetic work, *The Old Glory*, is celebrated by a Pulitzer award last week to Frank Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses*, an earnest piece of prosaic microbiology. The

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judges saw fit to give no award in the year that brought us Malamud's *Idiots First*, but in the past year of new works by Bellow and Cheever, they garland *The Keepers of the House* by Shirley Ann Grau, a writer whose failure to develop her gifts has lost her the interest of many serious critics and readers. The discriminating awards in poetry (Louis Simpson in 1964, John Berryman this year) only heighten the sense of inconsistency, which is climaxed by the fact that in two years – amidst a flood of musical composition, traditional and avant-garde – the judges have found no music on a prize-worthy level equivalent with Miss Grau's or Mr. Gilroy's work. One may guess that the Pulitzer trustees and their advisory board, who act on the recommendations of specialist juries, are competent in journalism, reasonably secure in non-fiction material, so thoroughly insecure in poetry that they have no choice but to accept expert advice, but, like all solid burghers, "know what they like" in music and fiction and drama.

Eclipse of "The Sun"

Baltimore
From our special correspondent

Almost from the moment Arunah Shepherdson Abell founded it in 1837, *The Baltimore Sun* was a moneymaker. As the first penny paper in Baltimore it soon outstripped its competitors in circulation and advertising, and for years it was the only metropolitan morning newspaper distributed widely in Washington. By 1877 it was generally believed that Abell was the wealthiest newspaper publisher in the world. Today the A. S. Abell Company publishes three papers – *The Sun*, *The Evening Sun* and *The Sunday Sun* – and owns two television stations and hundreds of thousands of dollars in real property. Last year the combined total of advertising lineage for the *Sunpapers* was 61.5 million. *The Chicago Tribune* had 61.6 million and *The New York Times* had 67.7 million.

Not only is *The Sun* prosperous, it enjoys a good reputation, and deservedly so. In addition to a 12-man Washington staff headed by Philip Potter and including Pulitzer Prize winners Mark Watson and Paul Ward, *The Sun* has overseas bureaus in London, Rome, Bonn, Moscow, New Delhi and Rio de Janeiro. Like Abell, who set up a private pony express system to get news of the Mexican War and got a world beat on the battle of Vera Cruz, the modern day *Sun* spares no expense in its news-gathering activities. If Archbishop Lawrence Shehan of Baltimore goes to Rome for his elevation to the College of Cardinals, a *Sun* man goes with him, Rome bureau notwithstanding.

But there the munificence stops. No matter how much they enjoy working for one of the 10 best newspapers in the country, *Sun* reporters, rewrite men, copy readers and editorial writers are not happy about their pay. The top minimum for reporters with six years of experience was $150 a week under the contract which expired April 16. (The American Newspaper Guild lists 59 papers which pay their men more, including such journals as *The Pontiac Press*, *The Hammond Times*, *The Napa Register*, *The Kenosha News*, *The Gary Post Tribune* and *The Madison Capital Times*.) Fringe benefits? A $500 life insurance policy, four weeks of vacation after 20 years of service and a $25-a-week pension at the discretion of the company. Not only would management not contribute to Blue Cross and Blue Shield under the old contract, it would not even help collect its employees' premiums for the medical insurance. As for dues checkoff or union security, a Guild negotiator was told by a management representative during the 1962 bargaining, "The only way you'll get a union shop is to take it away from us on the street."

Until this year, that seemed impossible. Contracts were negotiated far beyond the terminal date for old ones; the 1962-1965 agreement, for example, was signed only 18 months ago. Traditionally weak at *The Sun*, the Guild did not and could not expect its members to strike when retroactive pay of several hundred dollars followed the late signing of a new contract. It was like money in the bank. To get some strength at the bargaining table this year, *The Sun* unit decided to merge with the Washington Guild local which was fresh from signing a $200-a-week top minimum contract with *The Post*. *The Sun* challenged the merger and at a runoff three-corner election against a company union and no union the Guild got 70 percent of the votes. Guild negotiators immediately informed management its members would not work past the April 16 expiration date without a new contract.

The Sun first proposed a pay raise of $8.50 spread over two years and offered to give four weeks of vacation to employees with only 15 years' service. When this was rejected *The Sun* upped its offer to a $10 raise, but still said no even to dues checkoff. Meeting April 17, the Guild voted 280-54 to turn down this final offer. The strike began and within two days *The Sun* was forced to shut down when the printers and teamsters refused to cross Guild picket lines. At the beginning of the strike it seemed the Guild would accept $170 a week and dues checkoff, despite its initial demand to close the "Washington gap." Now that may not be enough. The Guild is publishing its own newspaper for Baltimoreans, and at last report it could not accommodate all the advertising offered it. *The Sun* is said to be hastily installing varitype machines and hiring girls to operate them, so that it can produce some kind of paper during the strike.

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WHO GOT WHAT DURING GROMYKO'S VISIT TO FRANCE?

Paris-Moscow Flirtation

Paris

"We have done neither too much nor too little," said a high French official who took part in all the secret talks with Andrei Gromyko.

"More wind than substance," said a veteran Western Ambassador, at Gromyko's farewell reception at the Soviet Embassy, as he watched the Soviet Foreign Minister exchanging smiles, toasts and compliments with top members of the French government. "Of course," he added, "in this business, warm winds are sometimes as important as the clouds they are supposed to chase away."

And as newspapers were speculating about the "new mood" between Paris and Moscow (the liberal *Le Monde* publisher called the Gromyko visit "an anti-American festival"), a Soviet newspaperman who had flown to France with Gromyko, commented wryly: "A warm mood is all right, but what we need are real achievements. Mutual smiles are not enough."

Gromyko's trip had been arranged after Prime Minister Kosygin suggested in Moscow that France and the USSR hold regular consultations, for after all were not their foreign policies now "converging" on many points? This conversation took place in December 1964, before the Vietnam crisis had blown up to its present size. In January, the Soviet leaders had virtually accepted President Johnson's offer of a summit meeting and an exchange of visits. Then, in February, the US began the bombing of North Vietnam, on the heels of a de Gaulle press conference at which he delivered himself of rather anti-American statements on the situation in Europe and in Asia. Moscow at that point seems to have decided – mostly under Chinese pressure – that it could not carry out the much-wanted dialogue with the United States, at least not as long as President Johnson was engaged in his "escalation" in Vietnam. The Kremlin turned to Paris, and as a token of its good will suddenly decided – after years of hesitation – to buy the French color television process, in preference to the American RCA system. It was a political decision and was greeted in Paris with great enthusiasm. The reception in Bonn and Washington was the reverse.

Against this background, Gromyko arrived in Paris with the following assignment:

1. Get as much French support as possible for a cease-fire and peace negotiations in Vietnam. De Gaulle had been advocating precisely this for 18 months, along with neutralization of Indochina;

2. More important, get an agreed line on the German problem, and one favorable to Soviet policy: namely, recognition of the "status quo," including acceptance of present boundaries and even French recognition of Communist East Germany, if possible;

3. Stress the common views of Paris and Moscow on such matters as the UN crisis, disarmament and at least tacit opposition to American policies in Asia, Africa and Latin America;

4. Shake the unity of the West by creating the impression that France is drawing closer to the Kremlin.

These, of course, were maximum Soviet hopes, and it was up to Gromyko to sound out the General and his colleagues on how far they could be realized. The Soviet Minister stayed five days, spent hours talking to government leaders, had a private and top-secret audience with the General at the Elysée Palace, was wined and dined, shown Paris by night (buildings specially lit up for him) and taken to a gala performance at the opera. A tough negotiating session produced a joint communiqué published at the end of the visit, but on close examination it proved to have little in it. Flying back to Moscow, Gromyko had only one real prize in his pocket: the promise of future consultations. Perhaps in the Soviet view, a good start, but nothing really important.

What had de Gaulle in mind in encouraging this "new mood" between Paris and Moscow? Since he never reveals his real purposes, not even to his ministers, the guessing game is on. Certain of his intentions are obvious, since they are fixed props of his official foreign policy. Above all, he wants to show the world, and his countrymen, that France has achieved "top status" among the great powers. It therefore pleases him to open a dialogue with Moscow, to talk to the Kremlin as if the Elysée Palace were as important as the White House.

Ever since 1945, de Gaulle's nightmare has been a return to the "spirit of Yalta," to a strictly bilateral deal between the "two giants," America and the Soviet Union. He has done and will do all that he can in order to frustrate any such development. By threatening a separate bargain with the Russians, he knows quite well that he is disrupting the unity of the Western

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Alliance. But he is likewise letting the Americans know that they cannot talk to the Russians on behalf of the West as a whole. This is what he means by "independence" – independence from the United States. It is now the main slogan of his diplomacy.

The General had hoped for a time to align Bonn with him in this move against America. He wanted to be the leader of a continent which would be strong and prosperous enough to challenge the United States, so that the US would be compelled to regard Europe as an "equal partner" in the military, political, economic fields. He, de Gaulle, would then speak for Europe, both to Moscow and Washington. After Adenauer's retirement, that Grand Design failed, for Chancellor Erhard and his foreign minister played along with Washington. Paris-Bonn relations deteriorated steadily thereafter, and de Gaulle turned to the Russians, if only to raise in Bonn the traditional fear of a "French-Russian encirclement."

Likewise, by criticizing US actions in Vietnam, de Gaulle wanted mainly to regain a special role for France in the "Third World" – Asia, Africa and Latin America. He knows he has hurt American diplomacy all over the world. This again, is primarily a means of gaining "top status" for later negotiations with Washington. His recent moves, such as getting out, almost, of the SEATO Pact; his drift away from the Atlantic Alliance; his last speech on "independence" with its criticism of America and its rather warm references to an "active comprehension" of the USSR and other Communist countries; and finally, the weakening of close links with Bonn, are so many "gifts" to Russia. The gifts are not designed to bind Paris to Moscow; quite the contrary. In diplomacy, one can only threaten so long as the threats do not materialize. Frightening Bonn, trying to worry Washington, is part of the game. If de Gaulle really broke with the Western Alliance, he would be a pawn in Russian hands, and he knows it.

The Russians, on the other hand, have had to give up, for the time being, a "rapprochement" with Washington, but it still remains their main objective. While the Vietnam war goes on, they are willing to "use" de Gaulle just as he is "using" them. Moscow is delighted to frighten Bonn and glad to have some support on Vietnam from a Western capital. But Gromyko learned in Paris that de Gaulle is not ready to give up West Germany nor to recognize East Germany. The Paris-Moscow flirtation may continue but a French-Soviet pact is highly unlikely. Even the General's long expected visit to Moscow is still far off.

MICHEL GORDEY

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BIRTH OF A BILL

The Labored Progress of Voting Rights

Sooner or later Congress will enact the Voting Rights Bill of 1965. It may be later. In its two months' history the bill has picked up problems like a dog picks up ticks. Perhaps because smooth passage was considered certain, no one thought to plan its course through the legislature. Now, there are obstacles at every turning, and it will take more effort and anguish than anyone imagined to get an Act by June.

"I propose we eliminate every remaining obstacle to the right and the opportunity to vote," President Johnson said in his State of the Union message. But that proposal did not come. In the back of his mind, the President conceived of a simple constitutional amendment setting a minimum age (he favors 18) and a reasonable residency requirement as the only conditions for voting in any local or national election. The idea was appealing, but politically improbable, and in any case there was Selma.

Weeks before the beatings and the murders, civil rights leaders in Washington began drawing up a voting rights bill. It was more than modest. Events were moving so swiftly that even the national leaders of the civil rights movement were passed by; they then had no notion of the lengths they could go in winning strong legislation from Congress. After the violence of March 7 and the march over the bridge in Selma two days later, the horizons were hugely expanded. The President's speech to the joint session on March 15 called for action:

"I will send to Congress a law designed to eliminate legal barriers to the right to vote. . . . This bill will strike down restrictions to voting in all elections – fed-

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eral, state and local – which have been used to deny Negroes the right to vote." Two days later the Administration's bill reached the Hill. It was not a model of well-drafted legislation. It involved complicated sets of "triggers" to allow federal registrars to invade Southern precincts, and it catered to lingering Southern hopes for a light hand. Mr. Johnson had instructed the Justice Department to work out the provisions of the bill with the Republican leaders in the Senate and the House. The belief persisted from years past that Everett Dirksen was the chief instrument for passage of all liberal legislation, and he had to be courted and flattered if his approval was to be won. It is a belief, of course, which Senator Dirksen does nothing to dispel.

Checking with Ev

To liberal Congressmen, the sight of the Attorney General traveling to the Minority Leader's office to tailor a piece of legislation, even if good politics, was humiliating and distasteful. More than that, Dirksen liked to inflate his own position. At every opportunity he invoked the name of Attorney General Katzenbach as a co-equal authority on law, politics and wisdom; and they were personal friends to boot. No matter that Katzenbach hadn't talked to him in days; it made Dirksen happy just to think about his historic role, and the Administration was not keen to deny it. "The President called me nine times today on Vietnam," Dirksen likes to tell people; it is a preposterous idea, but the White House lets it ride.

More for fun than any useful purpose, Dirksen toyed with the bill in the Judiciary Committee, adding a mischievous little clause here and allowing a strengthening amendment there. Although the liberals had an obvious majority in the committee, they were outfoxed by the chairman, Senator Eastland, on one very important occasion. Dirksen's "escape clause," which could have allowed some states to avoid the full brunt of the bill, was inserted while the necessary opposing votes were absent from the committee. The matter never could be successfully raised again. The bill came out of the Senate committee with both the liberals' poll tax ban and Dirksen's escape clause. Politically, they were mutually canceling amendments, and soon both were scuttled.

In the House, the urgent pace of hearings which began after the President's speech has slowed to a leisurely lope. At first, Judiciary Committee Chairman Celler risked losing his life membership in the Tuesday-Thursday Club by actually scheduling committee meetings on Mondays and Fridays. Such sacrifice is unknown among club members, who have strong feelings about long weekends. But a Mississippi Congressman, John Bell Williams, made life miserable for the committee members by objecting when unanimous consent was sought to hold meetings during sessions of the House. Celler then assembled his group by dawn's early light (9:30 a.m.), broke up at noon, and continued on after the House adjourned late in the afternoon. Williams' gambit allowed Southerners to claim later that the committee's work was rushed, chaotic and incomplete.

Democratic liberals in the House were unable to get the poll tax ban into the bill in the subcommittee, but hoped to do it in the full committee. But try as they might to add up their votes to show a majority, they were always a few shy. And waiting on tippy-toes to be kissed was Rep. William McCulloch of Ohio, the ranking Republican on the Judiciary Committee, who fancies himself the House's Dirksen. The Attorney General had less success in working out a decent bill with Republicans in the House than he did in the Senate. Minority Leader Gerald Ford came up with a disastrous version of the bill which mercifully was given no publicity at all. Ford's maladroitness is odd; he is said to be engaged in a frantic campaign to gain a national following strong enough to propel him into a place on the Republican national ticket in 1968 or 1972. But McCulloch showed little interest in his party leader's bill, and has spent most of his time waiting to entertain liberal entreaties for support on the committee. Last week, the members were still bogged down considering amendments, and it began to look as if the Senate would finish action before the House bill could be reported. That might not be a bad idea. The prospect of a Senate-House Conference composed of the usual ranking members of the two committees – a majority of whom are Southerners and conservatives – has a certain nightmare quality. (There are Senators Eastland, McClellan, Ervin, Dirksen and Hruska; there are Representatives Feighan, Chelf, Willis, McCulloch and Poff, with only a few more promising names to leaven the loaf.) There might be ways to liberalize a conference committee, and it might also be possible to substitute a Senate-passed bill for a House version in order to avoid a conference and freeze the Administration's favorite phrases into law. Still, despite the fact that the House is traditionally the springboard for civil rights, and Representatives hate to see the Senate stealing the spotlight, the bill may emerge from the Senate before House members even see their own.

Supporters of a bill in the Senate have fallen into a particularly nasty kind of squabbling. Consensus government does not automatically end disagreement; rather, the arguments become intramural. They are no less heated than they were in the good old days when Democrats fought Republicans instead of themselves. Now, the liberal Democrats (joined by one or two Re-

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publicans) are after the moderate Democrats, in particular the Senate leadership and its ally, the Attorney General. The liberals – Senators Hart, Douglas, Bayh, Javits, Edward Kennedy, and others – have seen voting rights provisions written into three civil rights acts and then prove inoperative in the Southern context. They are anxious to make the fourth attempt work, and they want to plug up all possible holes in the bill. They also have an interest in maintaining a militant posture. Senator Kennedy, for instance, seized upon the poll tax ban as his own; such vigor will not hurt in Massachusetts, where a Negro Republican attorney general is gaining political stature.

Senator Javits is frying other fish. Avoided by his Republican colleagues, he is mistrusted by the Democrats. He is a liability to the former without being valuable to the latter. He can, at best, deliver exactly one vote to the liberal side: his own. (Rep. John Lindsay, on the other hand, is a bit more helpful around the House, he can add a dozen votes to the liberal score.) Javits offered an amendment which would remove the English-language literacy test for Puerto Ricans in New York; fortunately for him, it has no chance of acceptance. If it did, Javits would be swamped in the next election by a new half-million Democratic votes. Javits tries, and often succeeds, in being first with the most liberal proposals. He plays with them like a slicker plays the shell game; the bean always turns up under his own shell.

Whose Vote Is Necessary?

After work, the liberals still have to go home to a revolutionary movement. They understand better than most the immense gap between the intricacies of congressional maneuver and the oppressive realities of voter discrimination in Black Belt Alabama. They try hard for a strong bill and know that legislation will go only part of the way to change conditions in the Deep South.

The moderates are more convinced that laws are ends in themselves. They are sincere in their desire to right civil wrongs, but they are well behind the vanguard of the movement. Attorney General Katzenbach plays the conciliator, a useful but unenviable role in any argument. The liberals and the conservatives damn him and the moderates take him for granted. The Administration and the Senate majority leadership is convinced, however, that the bill needs Republican support for passage – or at least to stop a Southern filibuster. So Katzenbach continues to work with Dirksen. Liberals disagree. "It's not Dick Russell's Senate any more," one of them said. Russell is ill and not likely to return during this session. Senators Fulbright and Smathers may vote for the bill, and at any rate will not contribute to a filibuster. Russell Long of Louisiana, the Majority Whip, is known to be generally in favor of the bill, although he will probably vote against it. In fact, Long might have been floor manager of the bill for the Administration. It would have been a brilliant and electrifying stroke, and it would have liberated Long from the thrall of the hard-core segregationists, with whom he is not in natural sympathy. It also might have sent him skyrocketing in Democratic national politics. One can conceive of a 1972 ticket with a pro-civil rights Long balancing a Northern liberal. However, nerve and imagination failed the Kingfish's son this year. After a short struggle, he took the easy but by no means disreputable way out and removed himself from active participation in the fight. (But Long and some Louisiana representatives worry privately that failure to pass a poll tax ban would encourage diehards in their state to institute one where it now does not exist.)

Many of the other Southern Senators, like Long, oppose the bill only for the points they can score back home. Their hearts will not be in a filibuster this year, and with the opposition from moderates and liberals it is difficult to see how a few old and tired men could prevail.

Without a filibuster, Dirksen's handful of conservative Republican votes would be only decoration for the predictable victory. And if a cloture vote is necessary, Dirksen would be unlikely to rise against it. "Republicans have nothing to gain from being *for* a civil rights bill," a liberal Republican said, "but they have everything to *lose* by being against one." The liberals claim Dirksen is thus being courted needlessly and consider his debilitating amendments far in excess of the necessary *quid pro quo*.

Still, the Administration has other worries; it needs Dirksen to help nudge the long list of Great Society programs through Congress. If nothing else, President Johnson takes the long look in domestic politics. He is already three bills ahead of voting rights, forming his consensus on Medicare (which comes up soon in the Senate), housing, immigration, foreign aid and the rest. And Dirksen knows that all he can offer the President is his power. He guards it like the Pope's donkey who saved his kick for seven years and then – pow! What Dirksen expects in return is anybody's guess. Some of the Machiavelli-minded suspect he hopes for Administration support (if only tacit) for his constitutional amendment voiding the Supreme Court's order on state legislative reapportionment – an amendment many believe is the most serious threat to civil rights since the end of Reconstruction. More likely, Dirksen just wants to be there when things happen. He is getting old and he has not been well. And that is the time when some men think about history. ANDREW KOPKIND

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Speeding Up School Integration

by Alexander M. Bickel

May 17 is the eleventh anniversary of the decision in the Supreme Court of *Brown v Board of Education*, and the next couple of months are when school districts in the affected Southern and Border area make their decisions about desegregating in the fall. Then, in October, the nation counts the results, with mixed feelings of modest satisfaction and continuing impatience and even shame: 100 or so more districts in the compliance column, two or three thousand more Negro children in these and other districts actually attending school with whites. So it has been for a decade, at the end of which, last fall, a little over half of the 3,000 or so districts in the 17-state Southern and Border region remained wholly segregated.

But there is a difference as we enter the desegregating season of 1965. The difference is made by the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Title IV of the 1964 Act carries specific provisions dealing with school desegregation – and of these I shall have more to say presently. Title VI of the same Act, although it has no particular application to schools, requires that all federal agencies administering any grant-in-aid program must ensure that there will be no discrimination, by way of exclusion, segregation or otherwise, in the activity receiving the federal assistance. As concerns the school segregation problem, the effect of Title VI is greatly heightened by the Education Act of this year, which will pump well over a billion dollars into the education system, with the lion's share of the money going to low-income areas such as the Deep South.

Last December, the President promulgated regulations under Title VI, providing that no application for federal aid would be approved, and no money would actually be disbursed, unless school districts either promised to comply with a final court order, if any, outstanding against them, or submitted new desegregation plans satisfactory to the US Commissioner of Education, and gave assurance that these plans would be implemented. No cries of massive resistance greeted these regulations. Even Governor Johnson of Mississippi declared that it was up to local school districts to decide whether and how they would comply. What followed was a shower of paper descending on the Commissioner of Education. Virtually all the new plans offered, however, said no more than that the school district concerned would abandon its segregation policy, and would stand ready, everything else being equal, to allow Negro children to go to white schools and vice versa. Under such so-called free choice plans, of course, it was not impossible that one or two Negro children would actually wind up in a white school, but it was unlikely, and certainly there was no assurance even of that. This was not even tokenism; it was a promise that tokenism might be possible. It was nothing but paper desegregation. The federal courts accept no such thing as being in compliance with the Constitution, and neither did the Commissioner of Education, although a concerted effort was made by a number of Southern governors to get him to go along, at least temporarily.

The question then became, what would be acceptable? Last week, the Commissioner, Francis Keppel, answered this question by issuing an excellent and important "General Statement of Policies under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 Respecting Desegregation of Elementary and Secondary Schools." What is acceptable according to this statement, aside from nonracial residential zoning, which not many Deep South districts are likely to adopt, is a free choice plan that: gives ample opportunity to parents to choose the school they want, notice of the opportunity having been conspicuously published in the press and individually brought to the attention of parents of children now in the school system; disregards the restrictive transfer criteria of the pupil placement statutes enacted in most Southern states during the 1950's; provides for a pupil's assignment without regard to race to the school nearest his home, in case he makes no choice or chooses a school that is oversubscribed and consequently overcrowded; eliminates segregation in services and facilities affiliated with the schools, such as busing; provides for assigning teachers and administrators without regard to the dominant racial composition of the school to which they are assigned; and, as to teachers and administrators previously assigned on a racial basis, makes a start at desegregation, at least to the extent of providing for joint faculty meetings. By 1967, the measures just outlined have to have been taken throughout the school system administered by a given district, and a promise to meet the target date must be made now, if the district is to receive any federal money. Meanwhile, as of the fall of 1965, at least four grades must be desegregated, namely, at least the first elementary school grade, the lowest grade of junior

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high school, if any, and the first and last high school grade. Every system must thus graduate a desegregated class in 1966, and at all three possible levels take in desegregated classes in 1965. School districts are required to undertake programs this summer – meetings and discussions, public and private, and the like – to prepare pupils, parents, staff and the community at large for the desegregation that is to take place in the fall. And compliance reports will subsequently be required, indicating clearly the racial distribution of pupils and staff, and present and past rules and practices of assignment and transfer of pupils.

Commissioner Keppel's statement, which I have described in detail, leaves little to be desired. There was some thought that it should be issued as a formal regulation over the President's signature, and it is even arguable that the spirit if not the letter of Title VI requires that it should have been promulgated as a Presidential regulation. But running the statement through the White House would have entailed delay. Moreover, the President is the ultimate big artillery, and so long as his general support is assured, he ought not be wheeled into action on every occasion. The only immediately evident weakness in the structure of the statement itself is a provision that in the event of a variance between a desegregation plan approved by the Commissioner and a subsequent final court order, the latter shall govern. Occasional court orders may still be expected which are milder – at least in the matter of timing – than the happily muscular requirements the Commissioner has now set forth. But there is no constitutional reason, and none apparent on the face of Title VI, why such a milder court order, implementing the minimal command of the Fourteenth Amendment, should supersede the stricter order of the Commissioner, imposed by him as a condition on the disbursement of federal funds. Yet there is some evidence in the congressional debate on Title VI – though nothing in its language – which indicates that Congress may have wanted to go no farther than the courts have gone, and in any event, the Commissioner's hands are for the moment tied, since last December's Presidential regulation quite explicitly says that the courts are to have the last word.

If, then, the Commissioner's statement is as good as could have been expected, what is it likely to make happen down there, below Washington, in the dark country where the hard facts of segregation pervade and persist? The statistics next fall should be better than ever, and by a substantial margin. But there is bound to be much effort at evasion also. Little outright resistance seems to be planned. Only one suit has been filed so far – in Bessemer, Ala. – challenging outright the application of Title VI to schools, and seeking to enjoin it. Last week's statement may provoke more such litigation, but there is not much profit in it, even temporarily, because it is difficult to imagine that a federal court would order the disbursement of funds under the Education Act of 1965 while such a suit was pending, and even more difficult to think that such an order would stick. Hence attacks in court don't serve what is after all the school district's purpose – obtaining federal funds. But evasion is another matter, and some of it can be successful. The reason is that the Office of Education does not come near to having the staff necessary to guide, help and monitor compliance.

The Title VI operation in the Office of Education is conducted by some twenty people, including secretaries. They sit in Washington inundated by thousands of pieces of paper. The statement issued last week will bring down on their heads thousands more. They read, and approve or disapprove. If something comes in that fails in whole or in part to make the required promises, they withhold funds while urging compliance, and finally, as required by statute, they grant a hearing, which may be followed by judicial review. Even this they can only do in the case of an application for an initial grant, as under the Education Act of 1965. Funds already in the pipeline under existing and continuing programs (*e.g.*, National Defense Education Act) continue to be

"This Year I Feel All Screeched Out."

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disbursed while compliance is sought or the process of hearing and review winds its way toward a possible cut-off. Still, the 1965 Act is where the big money is, and so the required promises ought in most cases to be obtainable.

But what then? Then the application is approved and the money goes out. And the school district is on its own. If in perfect good faith it doesn't quite know how to proceed to carry out its promises, how to apply the general policies it has subscribed to in its own particular circumstances, if its preparatory meetings with community and staff and parents don't go too well, if it lacks the staff and skills it suddenly finds it needs, there is little help from the Office of Education. And if a district evades or fudges its promises, or sits by while community pressure keeps 100 percent of the Negro pupils – as a matter now of "free choice" – bottled up in the same Negro school, all the twenty people in the Office of Education can do is await an inadequate compliance report or a complaint. Then the Attorney General can bring suit to enforce the promise, or the hearing process can be started with a view to an eventual cut-off of funds.

Following Through in the Field

Results will be achieved, even as of this fall – no question of that. But any spectacular leap forward would require the presence in the field of a substantial number of federal professionals working out of regional offices. It would require, too, a major effort on the part of private civil rights organizations to cause large numbers of Negro families to exercise their rights of choice under free choice plans. Neither the federal nor the private effort is in the offing. The first order of business this summer will be voter registration. And, if this were not so, there is another, even more fundamental limitation. The Negro so-called schools in many places in the Black Belt are unspeakable. General classroom capacity being what it is, complete desegregation in many places would require putting white pupils in formerly Negro schools, as well as the other way around. There would be a certain historic justice in this, but it is a hard step, hard and not altogether just in each individual case. It would be the poorest white child, unable to afford an alternative, that would thus be placed in a worse educational situation than he had been in before. No court has required the taking of this step by insisting on geographical zoning, and the Commissioner of Education has not either. The free choice plans will in practice largely avoid it. Channeling funds under the 1965 Education Act primarily to Negro schools would make this step less hard to take by improving those schools, and that ought to be done. But the improvement cannot have occurred by this fall, and perhaps not even by the fall of 1967.

As I mentioned earlier, the Civil Rights Act of 1964 has another Title – IV – which deals specifically with the problem of school segregation, quite aside from the provisions of Title VI. Under Title IV, the Commissioner of Education is authorized, on request from a school board, to make available information and personnel to assist in the process of desegregation; to run training institutes for teachers and administrators dealing with problems occasioned by desegregation; and to make grants to school boards to support their own training programs and the hiring of outside specialists. Under these provisions, two institutes have been held in Tennessee and one at the University of Miami, chiefly for members of school boards, and 34 are planned for this summer, some for administrators and some for teachers. And grants have been made or are in prospect to a teacher training program in Chattanooga and to one that is in preparation in Atlanta. But this is all a beginning. A much more massive effort is needed. The problem, again, is one of money, of personnel and perhaps seriously of will; the Office of Education is a busy place, and its main concern is the Education Act of 1965. Seeing to the desegregation of the Southern schools is an additional burden, and possibly not a very welcome one.

Title IV finally charges the Commissioner of Education to make a survey "concerning the lack of availability of equal educational opportunities for individuals by reason of race . . ." throughout the United States. The survey must be complete, and the results reported to the President and the Congress, by the summer of 1966. But the fact is that this project has not yet got off the ground. The Office of Education has not been able to make up its and its consultants' minds about what it should survey and how, although it has commissioned some individual city studies in the North. The need is for a factual and uncompromising revelation of what the physical plant, the books, the curriculum and the quality of instruction are like in schools that are segregated *de jure* or *de facto* – the equivalent of the revelations by the Civil Rights Commission in the 1950's of what voter registration processes were in fact like in the Deep South.

Not Title VI, not Title IV and not seven more titles and Acts can quite undo the decades of segregation and decay in the deep rural South, just like that. But along the way, progress can come at different rates of speed and these rates are, up to a point, determined by conditions not in the South, but in Washington. That is the case with the administration of Titles VI and IV. More money and more people can make a substantial difference. The amounts in question are relatively paltry and one would think the President could find them.

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Poor Chicago

Down and Out with Mayor Daley

by James Ridgeway

Chicago

"The war on poverty," Sargent Shriver told Adam Clayton Powell, "starts with individuals – with a man, a woman, a child – taking them one by one. But it does not stop there, because poverty is not just an individual affair. It is also a condition, a relationship to society, and to all the institutions which comprise society."

In Chicago, which has the largest poverty program in the country, the war on poverty starts with City Hall where $12.7 million in federal funds is fed into Mayor Richard J. Daley's welfare apparatus. This machinery is directed toward keeping the Negroes, who account for nearly a quarter of the city's 3.2 million population, away from the whites and penned into two enormous oblong ghettos reaching out to the south and west from the central business district.

The policies of the Mayor reflect the prejudices of the old ethnic communities, particularly the Irish and the Poles, who don't care to live among the Negroes, and their attitudes apparently coincide with those of the business community that works closely with Daley. Thus, to all outward signs, the city still is bent on what in the long run can only be the ruinous course of segregation. It keeps the Negroes in hand by dispensing largesse through welfare channels, and by maintaining a tough, but well-run police force.

With few exceptions, the schools and housing are rigidly segregated. (A rising clamor may yet force out the school superintendent, Benjamin Willis, who has performed the dirty work for Daley in holding the line against the Negroes, but in so doing, has permitted the decline of the entire school system.) To cope with the bulging Negro population and to keep the vote Democratic, the city of Chicago has constructed on its south side the largest public housing project in the world, a source of constant terror to its residents. All efforts to break the housing pattern, either by scattering public housing projects around the city, or by restoring old apartment buildings, have been rejected.

In the past, the Negro ghettos provided Chicago's industries with a pool of cheap labor. The labor still is cheap – there is no minimum wage in Illinois – but there is less and less work to be had since many industries either are automating or moving to the suburbs. The rapid transit system doesn't run near the new centers of industry, and most Negroes don't have automobiles, thus they are increasingly cut off from work. Unemployment rates among men run to 40 percent in Negro districts.

While the migration of Negroes from Southern states to Chicago has slowed, the birth rate has been climbing, which helps to explain why, though Chicago contains the largest Catholic diocese in the country, the city is handing out birth control information and devices through public health clinics.

The history of Chicago's welfare machinery merely instructs that it serves its purpose perfectly, and that it is the object of loathing by its beneficiaries.

One reason the Office of Economic Opportunity was started up in the first place was because public welfare did not reach the poor across the country. The federal government nominally committed itself to a quite different tack: to reach into the ghettos and try to bind together the poor in community action, action that would enable them to lift themselves out of the hole. To quote Mr. Shriver, "Our general counsel would tell you that the war on poverty – or at least the community action phase of it – is a program where an entire city, or neighborhood, or county, or state enters into a binding agreement to pull itself up by its bootstraps. In effect, it means that communities are applying to us for a new type of corporate charter. They are incorporating themselves as a new enterprise – a new business – the business of creating opportunity for the very poor. This job can't be done piecemeal. This new enterprise – the community action program – will have to design and tool up for a new model: Opportunity – 1965 style."

To design the "new model" in Chicago a 54-man committee was appointed by Daley more than a year ago. It is called the Chicago Committee on Urban Opportunity; the Mayor is chairman. Dr. Deton J. Brooks, a Negro who worked in the welfare department, became the executive director and fall guy. A steering committee of this main committee runs the program.

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It has 25 members, of whom two are Negroes. The 25 members include: one judge, one labor union official and two representatives from the private welfare council; the rest represent public agencies or are businessmen. This steering committee does not have on it anyone active in the civil rights movement, nor any of the prominent church and private agency people who have worked long and not unsuccessfully among the poor. No neighborhood groups or community organizations are represented. Dr. Brooks, the man whom the committee is supposed to guide, is its director.

Neighborhood Centers

As in other parts of the country the war on poverty is carried to the slums via neighborhood centers, called in Chicago urban progress centers, or as they have been more aptly described, little city halls. Three of them now are operating in the city. They contain desks behind which sit the people employed by various city welfare services. A number of sub-professionals or community workers are recruited from nearby slums. Some come around to look for a job at the suggestion of a politician; others find their own way. All supposedly are selected by a personnel expert, who uses advanced methods of detecting aptitudes and motivation. The director of the center is, of course, appointed by the mayor; and he, in turn, names the members of an advisory committee of poor.

The idea is for the community worker to go out into the slums and bring back the poor who then can be tanked up with whatever welfare service they might need. (This isn't always easy, since one of the centers I visited was in the middle of a park, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away from the nearest slums).

The people who live in the slums want to get the landlords off their back; they want a decent place to live at a more or less reasonable rent. That does not mean paying $150 a month for three bedrooms in a crumbling tenement, which is a going rate in Chicago. Poverty officials said that with the exception of an experimental unit on the north side of the city where building inspectors and fire department personnel are trying to get landlords to clean up their places, there is little in the way of assistance that a person might find at a progress center. He could speak with a representative of the Chicago Housing Authority, which runs the concentration-camp-type public housing, and which has as its chairman, Charles Swibel. Mr. Swibel is also president of Marks and Company, which manages slum dwellings.

I talked with a number of women on welfare. Their detestation for the case workers knew no bounds. Two ministers who were trying to organize welfare recipients into a community action group, had found some women apparently were getting short-changed by the welfare department. One woman bitterly complained that welfare inspectors kept tracking her around, wanting to know where she went to church. Were any of these people to have gone over to an urban progress center they would be putting themselves right back in the hands of the welfare workers, whose grip on their lives they were feebly trying to break.

There is virtually no job program in the Chicago scheme for adults. It is possible that the center directors, who are trying to stir up cooperation from business, and the Illinois State Employment Service which coordinates the poverty program's job placement, may open up some work for Negroes. But some of the people I talked to complained of the state employment service's "scab labor" policy of sending people out to jobs paying them 60 cents to $1 an hour.

The poverty program's major emphasis is on training and jobs for teen-agers. This is broken down into several parts. About 3,000 youngsters can be accommodated in training programs that already are operating. In addition, 75 teen-agers from the city are at Job Corps camps; officials at the state employment service confidently predict this number will be increased to 950 by the end of May. (The Chicago poverty people seem to regard the Job Corps as a joke since the minimum requirements, they claim, preclude enrollment of any large number of youngsters with arrest records. They estimate that perhaps 30 percent of the teen-age slum population have police records.)

But the biggest source of jobs for teen-agers is the Neighborhood Youth Corps, a Labor Department program that is part of the over-all federal attack on poverty, to provide work at $1.25 an hour for 8,000 youngsters in Chicago between the ages of 16 and 21 who either are out of school and out of work, or in school and need jobs to remain there. An arrest record is not supposed to prevent anyone from participating, nor are there any real requirements for "motivation," the stumbling block to joining some training schemes. More than $5 million is being put into the Neighborhood Youth Corps, and it is the largest bit in the city's poverty package.

It may well turn out, however, that an arrest record will bar a youngster from Chicago's Neighborhood Youth Corps too. Unlike any other metropolis in the country, Chicago is fingerprinting applicants and checking police records. If a youngster has a record, his papers are spread before a three-man board including a representative of the youth welfare commission, the state employment service and the civil service commission. The police will advise this board on the circumstances of the arrest if need be. When I first brought this subject up with the executive director of the Committee on Urban Opportunity, he assured me

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that the board would only seek to make sure that youngsters needing special counseling would get that attention; after all, Dr. Brooks said, they needed to discover disturbed teen-agers who would have to be kept away from certain work areas where they might cause trouble. "If a kid were accused of rape, we wouldn't want to put him in as a youth worker with little girls," he said, "we would want to take a long hard look at him." The board, he added, would seek to determine the circumstances of an arrest. For instance, there had been instances where a youth had been taken into custody on a narcotics charge, which then was dropped for lack of sufficient evidence. They would want to look into that sort of matter. It seemed to me that Dr. Brooks wasn't distinguishing very clearly between arrest and conviction, and so I asked him if a teen-ager, charged with murder, but found not guilty, was eligible to become a member of the Neighborhood Youth Corps. He replied, "I don't want to be in a position to say yes or no. But he would be in a position to get the same consideration as the others." I was not able to figure out what that consideration was.

Dr. Brooks has made it clear, however, that the urban progress centers are not to be the center of any community action program that might involve direct action campaigns. Neither rent strikes nor boycotts of stores would be proper activity for progress center people to engage in, he has indicated. The progress centers are where people can come and meet with the representatives of whichever city department they particularly loathe. There are two major exceptions to all this. One is the pre-kindergarten classes, which are a godsend to the miserable children. Another could be a combined program run by several different private groups headed by the YMCA, called "Streets," which will work with indigent youths and adults, providing them with training in skills.

Lord Bountiful

If the nation's largest poverty program really amounts to little more than an extended welfare system rooted in segregation, there is a simple explanation. Mayor Daley is one of the two or three most important Democratic politicians in the country. By temperament he does not like to rock the boat, and he faces reelection in two years. If he should dispense money through the poverty program to a community action organization with any spirit, he might be feeding the fires of opposition. The political cynics in Chicago, of whom there are more than a handful, would add that Chicago being the place it is, money handed out to people Daley could not control, probably could turn into instant corruption for which the Mayor would be blamed. Any move made to accommodate the Negroes might also stir up antagonism among the whites. Moreover, Shriver is still thought to be dreaming of the possibility of becoming Governor of Illinois, a post that Daley as boss of the Cook County Democratic Party could help him win.

What seems likely to happen is that the poverty program will be shored up with a few trappings that cannot do Daley any real harm, and it will teeter along. The simple alternative to the course steered by Daley and Shriver is to take "community action" at its face meaning: to let the people in the slums say what their needs are and then do what can be done to satisfy them. But to those in authority, the very simplicity of this approach condemns it; it is "unrealistic"; or at least politically inexpedient since it could foment revolt against the policies of city hall. And in Chicago it brings up the prickly subject of Saul D. Alinsky. He makes the city officials fairly climb the wall. A former criminologist, Alinsky is executive director of the Industrial Areas Foundation which five years ago started The Woodlawn Organization (TWO), the first Negro community action group in the country. Woodlawn then was a dangerous jungle on the south side. It still is a bad slum, but there are few who would deny that Woodlawn is now a much healthier place.

TWO represents 104 different existing community organizations with 40,000 members. The organizations send representatives to a monthly meeting where policy is thrashed out; a convention of all members is held once a year where goals are established and a president is elected. TWO has won a small measure of success in dealing with Daley. For instance, the organization fought an urban renewal project that would have permitted the University of Chicago to spread its campus into the Woodlawn area, putting people out of their homes. Daley agreed that the urban renewal project should be held up until lower income housing was built in the community to take care of those to be dispossessed. In addition, TWO recently wrung the promise of 1,000 jobs from the Veterans' Administration which wants to build a hospital in Woodlawn.

Alinsky doesn't play around with shopping baskets. Like the labor unions, he organizes around the gripes of the community, pulling people together by "rubbing raw the sores of discontent." He believes slum residents won't get anywhere until they wake up to the fact that others have power, and they don't. When TWO first came into Woodlawn, organizers filtered through the neighborhood listening to beefs, and looking for potential indigenous leaders. Alinsky trains them, then gradually withdraws his own organizers. He wants the fledgling community action group to pay its own staff and make sure they respond to its needs, not to his desires.

When TWO was first formed, people claimed the

Daley's Prog.

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stores in Woodlawn were overcharging and short-weighing items. TWO worked out a code of ethics with the merchants, then staged a march through the streets, and set up a balanced scale and accurate cash register in a church. After purchasing items in the stores, people would come to the church, weigh them, check the cash register; if the store was cheating, it got bum publicity. Both the short-weighing and overcharging stopped.

TWO doesn't bother talking to building inspectors about slums. Instead, pickets are dispatched to the landlord's neat and attractive neighborhood; they march around with signs that say, "Did You Know That One of Your Neighbors Is a Slum Lord?

"His Name is . . .

"He owns a dump at . . .

"He refuses to conform to the standards of decency and live up to his responsibility. This is how he makes his money." Over the past two years landlords have improved their buildings in 50 cases after exposure to this sort of pressure.

Through the Labor Department, the federal government has given TWO nearly a quarter of a million dollars for job training courses and on-the-job-training programs. Those who enter these programs are selected mainly on the basis of need. There are no tests. Two hundred are enrolled in the job training program; 40 of 45 graduates are holding jobs. Seven months ago, TWO asked the Chicago poverty program for $250,000 for a day care center and a health clinic. Chicago's poverty planners are still sitting on the request.

You Believe or You Don't

Alinsky fears that under the ruse of "community action," poverty program funds actually will be used by strong city machines to kill existing individual organizations, like TWO, that give city hall trouble. For instance, not long ago, Daley opened a progress center near TWO, and according to Alinsky, began to organize around it. It was at this point, Alinsky says, that the Rev. Lynward Stevenson, president of TWO, went to Washington where he charged that the poor were not being represented in the poverty war. Rep. Adam Clayton Powell took up the cry and demanded poverty funds be cut off from Chicago.

In Alinsky's view, Shriver is a prime example of the "welfare colonialist," for whom the poor are "disguised charity cases" and who would like to tame them and play around with them as if they were "human pets." After all, Alinsky says, poverty is not so complex. You either trust the poor with the vote, and believe they have the ability and imagination to deal with their own poverty, or you look on them as a bunch of "colonial peon slobs," who need to have everything done for them. In the end, it comes down to the basic argument of the Federalist Papers. You believe in the people, like Madison and Monroe; or you don't, like Hamilton.

Alinsky has a considerable following among both Catholic and Protestant clergy in Chicago and has trained a number of ministers in the guerrilla tactics of community action. An interreligious group of Catholics, Protestants and Jews recently asked the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington for $300,000 over several years to begin an Alinsky-type community action program in the Negro Lawndale slum on Chicago's west side. This is an area where the poverty program already has a progress center dispensing welfare services. Alinsky waits with keen expectation to see whether Daley lets it go through. Alinsky speculates that he might be able to get organizers into Lawndale and the bare bones of a community action program laid before the federal government chickened out and funds were cut off. By then there would be the structure of Negro community action programs in both the south and west side ghettos of Chicago, and a base of power would be established which if developed could be a real threat to Daley.

It is Alinsky's firm faith that poverty is not so complex as all that, if you just trust the poor. But it can't be that simple either, for after five years in Woodlawn he still has a paid staff director at TWO who plays a hand in determining policy and strategy.

At any rate the Chicago poverty officials ask that they be judged, not on the basis of some foggy philosophy, but because of what they do. Then they quickly add, it is too soon to judge the program since it just got started. In fact, the Mayor's poverty committee was created more than a year ago.

The conversations I had all came back to the same thing: The heart of the poverty program was the welfare system. Chicago has a number of imaginative proposals "pending" in Washington, and it needs them not as window dressing, but as the basis for its operation. It needs neighborhood lawyers to take the side of the poor in landlord and loan shark cases; home economists to go into the slums and teach the women who exist on Coca Cola and potato chips how to prepare a meal. In the process, they could use surplus food, to feed a block of youngsters who could use a hot meal. Chicago needs credit unions in these blocks; and if the stores won't stock decent food at standard prices the progress center can either arrange to buy it wholesale or cart women to well-to-do white neighborhoods to shop. Health clinics are needed in the slums, not at far away hospitals. Finally, the people who work in a neighborhood poverty center should be hired to represent their real clients – the poor – and they should not be on the payroll of any city department – at least, from what I observed, not in Chicago.

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Old Workers, New Students

by Irving Howe

Neither swinger nor black-humor man, evangelist of orgasms nor prophet of racial apocalypse, Raymond Williams is an English writer who can hardly expect anything from contemporary America but honorable neglect. As a novelist he promotes no sensations; finds no special grace in obscenity; lusts not for violence, either of word or blood; and writes about common-

Second Generation
by Raymond Williams
(Horizon; $4.95)

place people, a little battered, a little square. Williams began his career, and is best known, as a literary and social critic. Only recently has he begun to publish fiction, with the result that he is still clumsy and inexpert as a novelist. But some of the clumsiness may be due to the fact that he is a thoughtful man who has no taste for flash or filigree, and who allows his reflectiveness – which is also to say, his uncertainties – to sink into the texture of his novels.

Williams' first major book, *Culture and Society*, was a distinguished study of the way "the idea of culture" arose in 19th Century English writing, from Burke and Corbett through Matthew Arnold, first as a value kept secret from and then as a standard fiercely directed against industrial society. This theme has steadily dominated his work: he seems to be haunted by the idea of an "organic" or "common" culture, one that will heal the split between "high" and "low," and will absorb the traditional excellence of minority culture into the mainstream of social life. While a sophisticated intellectual, he shows a decided antipathy toward the sleek and brittle – I guess he would call it sleek and brittle, though at times I would add, accomplished and cosmopolitan – "Establishment" of London culture. A left-wing socialist in politics, Williams differs sharply from his political fellows in the United States: he is more deeply rooted than we are likely to be in a regional or provincial culture, and he displays a certain suspicion, or at least uneasiness, toward modern urban life. His strongest ties are with the Welsh working class from which he is descended; here at least is one intellectual who has remained loyal to the class of his origins, despite a degree from Cambridge. His style of thought and, unfortunately, his prose suggest the influence of F. R. Leavis; and in general, his intense moral seriousness and firm plebeian attachments speak well for that provincial culture which was so vital a force in 19th Century England and seems still to have retained a measure of strength into the present.

Border Country, William's first novel, which appeared a few years ago, is an honest and unsentimental journey backward into Wales. Written with a severe, almost repressed lyricism, and told through the voice of a worker's son who has become a London intellectual yet respects his father's life, *Border Country* has the enormous advantage of fiction composed out of an authentic nostalgia: it is dominated by a single and sustained tone.

Second Generation, Williams' new novel, is more complex, more ambitious and very much more uneven. Williams follows two brothers, Harold and Gwyn Owen, who, unemployed in the thirties, move from the Welsh border country to find work in an automobile factory at the rim of a university town. Here the two families live in modest comfort and growing uneasiness: Harold totally immersed in his trade union, Gwyn devoted to his garden and a muted sense of private relations, and Harold's son Peter moving into the alien precincts of university research. What Williams is trying to do is to show both the continuities and differences between the old England of "classical" capitalism and the new England of the welfare state, as these are reflected in the experience of a troubled but vigorous family. Because the subject is large in resonance and Williams writes of it with a dry and steady humaneness, the part of *Second Generation* that deals with the first generation is beautifully done. It constitutes, I think, a minor breakthrough in English fiction – for in regard to the novel a conquest of new material ought to be considered an innovation quite as significant as a new technique.

Harold Owen is presented in considerable depth, without indulgence or condescension. He is the kind of man who carries the local trade union, who is seriously engaged though he may never have heard about engagement, and who in his own experience sums up the painful struggle of a generation of workers, now in their fifties, to reach articulateness. He is proud, rightly enough, of the results of that struggle, but he also senses vaguely that it has not quite prepared him for the world he has helped establish. He grows isolated in the union; a kindly dullness settles over his marriage; and he is aware that, for all his increase in material benefits, he remains a factory hand, vulnerable to the shifts of the market, low in the English hierarchy, and quite as far as he has ever been from the true centers of social power.

There are strong vignettes scattered through *Second Generation* of Harold Owen writing a union circular in cumbersome English, trying to establish relations both with the uninvolved and more militant members of his unions, and, with a blend of dignity and discomfort, "negotiating" a lay-off of workers with a smooth personnel man at the factory. As Williams quietly draws him, Owen is neither the proletarian muscle-man of Marxist fiction, nor the brimming folk-hero of D. H. Lawrence, nor the mindless high-spirited animal of Alan Sillitoe. He is a tired but unresigned human being,

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impressive in his public and personal troubles quite as much as the picaroes, back-broken professors and *luftmenschen* who populate current American fiction.

Alas, there is another side of *Second Generation* – that dealing with Peter Owen, the muddled young student straddling university and factory – which comes off poorly. One would suppose Williams to know intimately the life of an English university, since he teaches at Cambridge; but this is not the first demonstration that novelists thrive more on what they remember than what they see. Here, in pages devoted to egocentric left-wing dons and the drifting apolitical young, Williams is betrayed by an unearned or at least, in the context of this novel, unjustified animus toward university cleverness, and the result is a nervous disengagement from his own material. In writing about Peter, Williams tries very hard, perhaps too hard, but while he understands what troubles such a boy he does not manage to bring him alive. Perhaps as a sign of these difficulties, the prose here becomes extremely woolly.

Those American readers whose literary horizons are bounded by Golding, Salinger, Baldwin and Burroughs will find *Second Generation* pokey and dull. But there is likely to be a minority of *New Republic* readers to whom the portrait of a man like Harold Owen will seem consequential and moving.

Fragments of a Dream

by Nathaniel McKitterick

When the White House was Camelot, one of the dreams of the roundtable was the Grand Design for an Atlantic partnership. Europe, nurtured by the United States through its postwar convalescence, protected by the United States during the threatening years of the 1950's, promised in the 1960's to have the resources to share the burdens of world leadership. Once Britain joined the Common Market, Europe would be a partner equal in size and potential to the United States.

The Troubled Partnership
by Henry A. Kissinger
(McGraw-Hill; $5.95)

The dream was shattered on January 14, 1963, when Charles de Gaulle blackballed Britain's Common Market application. Even to those of us who were only bit part players in the drama to implement the Grand Design the awakening was rude. The subsequent, desperate attempt to assert an identity of interests through a multilateral nuclear force only accentuated different perspectives on both sides of the Atlantic and became a symbol of American bitterness at French intransigence.

In his new book, Professor Kissinger redemolishes the dreams of yesteryear, and like Hans Morgenthau and Walter Lippmann, he is likely to bring down the thunder of a frustrated officialdom.

The Grand Design and the strategic doctrines associated with it, he argues, were conceived in ignorance of real differences between the United States and Europe, differences which cannot be reconciled except through a sharing of sovereignty far beyond anything seriously considered up to now. "A decade and a half of hegemony have accustomed us to believing that our views represent the general interest," he writes. But alas, Europe, with the possible exception of Britain, cannot be expected to have today the same interest in Asia, Africa and Latin America which it had before the humiliations of decolonization. It cannot reasonably be expected to see its security threatened in far off Vietnam. And US policy only accentuates this reduced interest when it asserts "our often invoked sense of world responsibility." Our very extensive global commitments "reduce the incentive of our Allies to share in them, much as the commitment of Britain and France to the European balance of power permitted the United States to evade the problems of security in the period before 1941."

American strategic doctrine during the Kennedy years was conceived with a similar disregard for different perspectives, according to Kissinger. The United States has insisted for technological reasons on a centralized (*i.e.* American) control over nuclear weapons. So long as our strategic concept was based on automatic and massive retaliation against a Soviet attack, this concept did not give rise to very serious political difficulties in Europe. But when, responding to changes in technology, Kennedy and McNamara conceived a strategy of "flexible response" and assigned Europe the role of providing conventional forces under that strategy, European doubts came out into the open. Inevitably, a "flexible response" would leave more discretion as well as power in American hands, unless there were some countervailing sharing of political decisions. There was none. The strategic dilemma within NATO reached ultimate frustration when the US asserted that independent European nuclear forces were unnecessary, when we came to equate the French *force de frappe* with simple distrust of the US. Those nations, as Kissinger says, which were being asked to entrust their nuclear defense to the United States were bound in the absence of some sharing of political decision to strive for greater autonomy even in nuclear matters. "To insist on centralized strategy, while diplomacy remains national, guarantees mounting disputes."

While the rhetoric which surrounded Kennedy's European policies (the "Declaration of Interdependence" speech on July 4, 1962, for example) suggested that some real sharing of political sovereignty was intended somewhere, sometime, the application of those policies appeared even in the eyes of some very sympathetic European observers, to do no more than perpetuate American hegemony.

Kissinger is not sanguine about any formal sovereignty-sharing in the foreseeable future. His "interim" prescription is for trying to work out within NATO coordinated political views on basic world problems, particularly East-West problems:

> "There is something incongruous about NATO's absorption in the technicalities of mixed-manning [in the MLF] while it lacks a common

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policy toward the Communist world, flounders . . . in the former colonial areas and has yet to concert a strategic doctrine. . . . NATO requires a mechanism for managing political crises even more than a military staff for planning a war."

But Kissinger isn't even very sanguine about consultations. He has interesting things to say about the German problem and the future of East-West relations, but he seems to have more faith in Europe sorting out its own internal problems, fashioning a unity of sorts in the West and a truly autonomous voice in world affairs, than he does in the future of Atlantic cooperation. He offers an effective apologia for de Gaulle's vision of Europe's future, even as he deplores the man's bad manners and persistent habit of depicting American actions in the worst possible light. He predicts that the autonomy which de Gaulle demands, first for France and then for a Europe of States, will someday come to be appreciated here for its inherent benefits. "If we insist on remaining the sole trustees of policy everywhere, including Europe," he writes, "the strain on our resources and ingenuity may well be too great. . . . The day will come when we will consider a measure of autonomy in Europe a blessing rather than an irritant."

But Kissinger's own insights into the psychology of present-day Europe raise considerable doubt that the continent will achieve much more unity than it has now if left alone to sort out its internal problems. He is right in stressing again and again that *political* equality among the Atlantic partners is the prerequisite to "burden-sharing" in defense or in sharing responsibility for affairs beyond Europe's borders. Why not, then, ask the question which the knights of the Kennedy roundtable never did ask: how much sovereignty are we willing to sacrifice for Western unity?

Kissinger is more sensitive to European reactions and institutions than he is to our own. Thus, after deploring the attempt to resolve basic political problems through the technical device of the MLF, he cannot resist laying blame on "one small group in the government [which] had become so deeply committed to the MLF that it acted as a lobby rather than an organ for calmly weighing alternatives." Elsewhere in the book, he recognizes that the structure of the American government often makes lobbyists even out of professional diplomats. He is willing in the case of de Gaulle to separate carefully the structural from the personal problem, but he is not willing to do so for those whom he is criticizing in Washington. It's a flaw in an otherwise brilliant book.

Effective diplomacy requires, first, a good understanding of what makes other governments tick. To feed such an understanding into the decision-making process of a complex government such as ours requires giving the corps of professional diplomats a status well above that of lobbyists in the formulation and conduct of policy. The Foreign Service of the United States has not been accorded this status since World War II. Instead of being treated as a highly trained team of experienced professionals, our diplomats have been looked upon as individual performers available for hire by a succession of political appointees in a variety of short-term tasks. The present intention of Washington's top public administrators to further submerge the Foreign Service as an entity into a kind of huge second civil service, encompassing all government employees who happen to travel or work abroad is only going to make matters worse. But it is the system which breeds mistakes, rather than small groups of conspirators, hiding out in the State Department.

This is the first book in the Council on Foreign Relations' current Atlantic policy series. The series is being directed by another veteran of Atlantic policy wars, H. Van B. Cleveland, whose own contribution will take up the future of the Atlantic Alliance more or less where Kissinger leaves off. If the ensuing books match the high analytical standards of this one, the Council will have made an important contribution.

After Selma

". . . the knife-order."
– T. E. Hulme

Let him lie sober when he tells the lie
That horror has no times to match these times.
The warning is a storm in his own eye.

We have a sign to follow in the sky,
With flags and triggers, to protect our dreams.
Let him lie sober when he tells the lie.

Bars-sinister and – dexter mortify
Visiting pilgrims who commit no crimes;
The warning is a storm in his own eye.

This land will bury you before you die,
Bombard your churches and blast out your homes.
Let him lie sober when he tells the lie.

Whoever wounds you must consent to buy
Silence, a scar-tissue of wordless names.
The warning is a storm in his own eye.

Discarded winding-sheets will tell you why
We meet the dead in living pantomimes.
Let him lie sober when he tells the lie.
The warning is a storm in his own eye.

Stephen Mooney

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Lord Avon's Vantage Point

by Patrick O'Donovan

There are many reasons why a man writes his memoirs and most of them are inadequate. Some write because an autobiography is the only book they are capable of and they desire that dim form of immortality which consists in leaving behind something between hard covers. Some are possessed of a gentle truth and when they write about their nannies and the rose garden and the day that King Edward quite definitely had too much brandy and what happened when they visited the surviving eunuchs in Peking, these are writing a sort of history and often a form of art. There is another sort of memoir which since the last war has become the speciality of politicians and soldiers. These are almost invariably a straight bid for immortality, an attempt to raise a monument more lasting than their careers, a longing to justify and excuse, a special pleading, an attempt to smooth out the rough places and retouch the portrait where the warts have been left only too plain. Such memoirs are seldom even the raw material of serious history except as evidence of the attitude of one of the protagonists.

The Reckoning
by Anthony Eden
(Houghton, Mifflin; $8.50)

Sir Anthony Eden, who is now Lord Avon, has produced a third volume to the memoirs that have occupied his retirement. It is an honorable addition to the genre. It gives, fairly, an account of a life of full public service. It displays the British angle on the last war from the Eden vantage point and, not surprisingly, Eden himself looms large in the foreground. Americans are chided a little, Churchill is kept under a sort of control and Stalin is impressed.

But there is a fascinating problem about Eden himself to which this book gives no real answer. All his career, Eden was damned by a quality of unfading youth that never left him. It is true that he did not look particularly young close to and that his colleagues called him "mothballs" – behind his back. He was always the brilliant and debonair young man whose real career lay ahead. It is true that it is impossible to recall a single memorable phrase out of all his public talking. But that is true of all except a few. Still, there was the perpetual promise of that slim figure, with its First-World-War moustache and its engagingly deprecating air. And when his time did come, he was discovered to be old beyond his years and ill and unsuited for what all his life had been a preparation.

There is a real tragedy in this. This is recognized and he is never vilified in Britain. Nor for that matter is he treated as an Elder Statesman. When the Tory party went into its arcane huddle to choose a new leader, Eden was not consulted. He appears briefly in the news because he has gone to the West Indies or because he has had another operation. But politically he has disappeared as surely as if he had never existed.

Of course every politician who appoints himself as a suitable subject for election lays himself open to this sort of tragedy. It seems to strike more cruelly in Britain where the aftermath of power or failure to reach the top can twist a man's old age into bitterness. Melbourne, Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald are the archetypes of this sort of deprived loneliness. The ends of their lives seem almost to invalidate what went before. Perhaps because he is brave and is debonair this sort of squalor seems to have left Eden alone.

Eden has had it all. He is a Knight of the Garter and a, presumably, belted Earl. He was a brave young officer in the First World War and a brilliant and serious undergraduate at Oxford after it, at a time when his contemporaries were being elaborately decadent on cushions to prove their civilian status. And quietly, up the conventional ladder, he became Foreign Minister in his mid-thirties. He was a prominent,

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occasionally dominant figure in those dim, Balkan-Sobranie conferences in which Europe indulged itself in watering places and evacuated palaces. He was admired and liked by his colleagues in the Foreign Office. It was a glittering career at a time when glitter passed for gold. But there was more to it than that.

About 1936, this conventional man, trained and devoted to the uses of conventional diplomacy, began to see that the new European dictatorships were foul and dangerous things. In a world that was conventional and where even its most honorable men preferred not to see, this is his undying honor. He was a man who believed in documents and treaties and scraps of paper. And he resigned from the Foreign Office and all it splendors and flatteries and went off into the not too uncomfortable wilderness of honorable sulks.

The war brought him back. He was trusted by Churchill. He was allowed to answer back and occasionally got his way. He was not abashed by Churchill. (After all, he was the Heir Apparent.) He will be remembered as a man who played a great part in the British war effort. He may be remembered for the mutual antipathy that existed between him and Dean Acheson – their physical similarity might have had something to do with this. He was indispensable though not irreplaceable. And when his time for greatness did come – the tragedy happened, and his personal tragedy must take second place to that of his country.

When he alone, with a more-than-Presidential power, decided to confront and out-countenance Nasser, he clearly felt he was continuing his career and life work of rejecting illegal action and dictatorship as a form of intolerable international vulgarity. He performed this crowning action of his life with a curious, almost furtive secrecy and an inexplainable inefficiency. In theory, it fitted precisely into his career – but, in fact it did not. Politically, the worst thing about it was its failure. He has paid his own personal full price and Britain is still paying its national price. Eden in this volume has a sort of explanation. "Thirty years of political work at high tension and a feckless disregard for my health were to claim their forfeit." It is the only revelation about the Suez affair.

A Correspondent in Saigon

by George Eagle

To get the meaning, and to learn how to read official reports of the war in Vietnam skeptically, readers need an enterprising, driving reporter who will go see for himself and who won't settle for Pentagon or State Department versions of what's going on. David Halberstam gave this kind of reporting to

The Making of a Quagmire
by David Halberstam
(Random House; $5.95)

The New York Times for 15 months, and he, along with Malcolm Browne of the Associated Press, got a Pulitzer Prize for the job. Unfortunately, great reporting does not a great book make, and *The Making of a Quagmire* is on the whole deficient as an account of the war and how it grew.

One reason is that a war does not stand still while a book gets written and published. Carrying of the war to North Vietnam, the consequent diversion of attention from the guerrilla war in the South, and shifts in the South Vietnamese government and its attitudes have taken a good deal of see-it-now zing from a book that depends on timeliness.

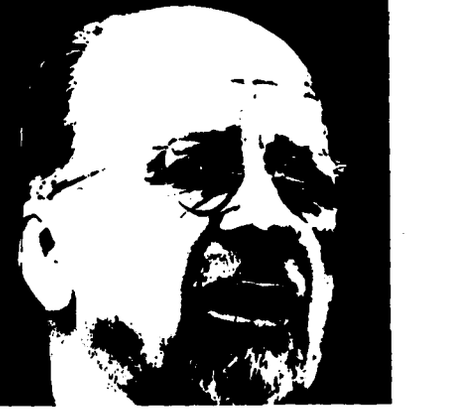
Halberstam brings little analysis to the Vietnamese agony as history, and probably did not mean to. He fully supports the US presence in strength in South Vietnam. He does conclude from what he has seen that the American effort in South Vietnam looks like a failure, indeed may have been doomed as long ago as 1951, but he implores that the lessons of Vietnam be learned for national-liberation wars yet to come: "There is something to the Viet Cong besides the terror, some-

The little-known story of the "most hated man in Germany"

ULBRICHT

A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY

by Carola Stern



"ULBRICHT survived." Those two words, Carola Stern discloses in this remarkable biography, present the essence of the career and personality of the Chairman of the Council of State and First Secretary of the Communist Party of East Germany—a man despised by his foes and feared by his supporters.

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It is a strange story; especially fascinating and significant is Miss Stern's revelation of how the *apparatchik* — the routine Party worker devoid of originality and imagination—can make himself indispensable and triumph over abler colleagues.

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thing more to winning a revolutionary war than helicopters."

The first half of *The Making of a Quagmire* is a patchwork of scraps from a correspondent's notebook including experiences in the Congo, which Halberstam covered, at age 27, before going East. The book picks up about midway with a chapter about a remarkable American adviser-officer, Lt. Col. John Vann, who could see what was going wrong in the paddy war of the Mekong River Delta, but who couldn't get a hearing from above, even when he came home and went to the Pentagon, where one would expect them to be interested in reports from the field. Vann finally quit the Army, much as he loved it.

Halberstam admires Henry Cabot Lodge as an Ambassador in Saigon and characterizes Lodge's predecessor, Frederick Nolting, as a good man who staked too much in a Ngo Dinh Diem regime that would not return the trust. Halberstam, who used to be a reporter in Mississippi and Tennessee, is reminded by Nolting of Southern white community leaders who, when their communities were about to explode in racial disorders, "reassured me that all was well, that the Negroes were satisfied with the status quo, that the problem was entirely the work of outside agitators and that writing about it would only make the situation worse. These men had no contact with the Negro community except for what their maids or hired people told them. . . ."

Halberstam also sees a parallel to the civil rights movement in the way the Diem regime leaned on the Buddhists:

> "Often the government broke up their demonstrations with violence and bloodshed, and as Bull Connor and his police dogs in Birmingham were to etch indelibly the civil rights movement in the minds of millions of Americans, so the Buddhists used the government's repeated clumsiness to commit their people further to their cause and to strengthen the movement."

Halberstam holds the Central Intelligence Agency in generally high regard for its work in South Vietnam; he sees John Richardson, former CIA chief in the country, as an honest and dedicated

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man who got so close to Ngo Dinh Nhu and so committed to the policy of backing the Ngos at all costs, that the CIA leaders became "part of the team" instead of gatherers and appraisers of intelligence from all sources.

The book contains probably the most thorough accounts yet published of Nhu's raids on the pagodas – the State Department finally backed down from its insistence that the South Vietnamese Army and not Nhu was responsible – and the *coup d'etat* that finished Nhu and Diem. However, Halberstam brushes over the degree of American involvement, saying Lodge and the CIA knew a coup was coming, promised no aid to the plotters and tried to get Diem to accept a safe-conduct offer.

Taken as a complete work, *The Making of a Quagmire* is choppily constructed and written in the nondescript style of a journeyman journalist. If nothing else, however, it stands as a memorial to a small group of reporters stationed in Vietnam who bucked pressures from the White House on down to report, at a time of official optimism, that South Vietnam and the US were losing the war. Halberstam says that at one point President Kennedy asked Arthur Ochs Sulzberger (publisher of *The New York Times*) if he didn't think "your young man in Saigon" might not be too involved in the story, and whether he was going to be transferred. No, Sulzberger said.

In Saigon Halberstam engaged in a kind of news cooperative with Neil Sheehan of United Press International (now with *The Times*), and in the days just after the Diem overthrow their little office off Rue Catinat was something of a clearing-house for visiting reporters. No longer were the resident reporters a coterie of impressionable young upstarts – a picture once encouraged by the establishment and drawn by some journalists not based in Saigon.

Halberstam recounts without relish the little war-within-a-war that went on between the press and the US government, and within *that* war still another struggle between the experienced *Time* magazine correspondents on the scene, who saw the war one way, and their editors at Time Inc., who from afar saw it quite differently. However, Halberstam sees the prime weakness of the press in Vietnam as the absence of it at a crucial time. Until late 1963 he was the only full-time staff correspondent in Saigon for an American daily newspaper. He believes that *The Washington Post, New York Herald Tribune, Baltimore Sun* and other influential papers "failed to meet their obligations" to cover Vietnam in 1962 and 1963. "If some of us had more journalistic power than was merited, it had been granted us purely by default." Although he doesn't put it this way, a hero that emerges from Halberstam's book is his employer, *The New York Times*, which had seasoned and respected reporters stationed in Vietnam before his arrival, and which invested a great deal of time, money and talent in getting ready for the developing story long before it was on page one.

As reporters crowd into the overtaxed cable offices in Saigon now to catch up on the story there, one can feel almost assured that in some land, simmering with discontents, a *Times* man is quietly getting ready for tomorrow's news.

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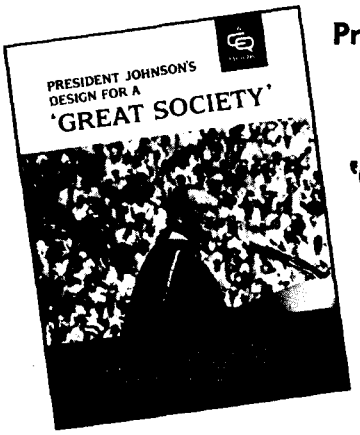

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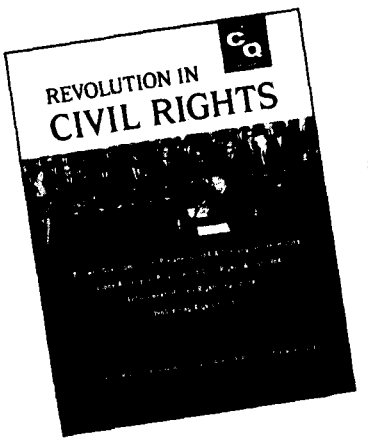

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Tough Case, Tough Guy

by Lawrence Grauman

Randolph Bourne's was a hard case. Physically dislocated by a "terribly messy birth" which gave him a twisted face, and by tuberculosis of the spine which left him a hunchback dwarf, he developed from his earliest years an accompanying sense of social and spiritual dislocation. Bad enough, then, to have discovered himself in suddenly solitary protest against the angry ex-

The World of Randolph Bourne
edited by Lillian Schlissel
(Dutton; $5.75)

cesses of patriotism that hastened our national drift toward World War One. Worse, under the circumstances, to have fallen in love with a beautiful dancer. Worst of all, however, was the agony Bourne created for himself by deciding to become a literary journalist. More than any of the other hypersensitive toughs who have chosen this most underrated of vocations, Bourne suffered from the vain anxieties, the rumors, the social and economic insecurity that have become the occupational diseases of the literary, or critical, journalist. His deepest torment was the failure to complete a piece of extended prose; the inability, as Dwight Macdonald puts it, "to sit down and write a book in cold blood."

A literary journalist is not the same thing as a Mass-Culture Analyst or a Communications Specialist, and there are very few examples of this type extant (after Macdonald, Edmund Wilson and Paul Goodman, who?). Randolph Bourne was one of the first of the modern era, and, as one of the best, his distinction derives not from his range, his rhetoric, or his considerable erudition, but from the quality of his vision. He was committed to no single ideology, but kept "revising" himself in conscientious response to the conflicts between social reality and his massive humanity. His humanity itself somehow became the gesture of his thought. And though Bourne lived and wrote with distinctive fervor, it was not evangelical; his experience made his ideal of character militant rather than long-suffering. Ironically, perhaps the best explanation that can be made for the surprising permanence and vitality of Bourne's small legacy is the general failure of Americans to solve most of the problems of democracy that he saw so clearly, and fought so ambitiously, fifty years ago.

Bourne's canon is small, but his range was vast; his essays include critiques of mass psychology and political control, programs for the novel, studies of architecture and city planning, immigration, school reform, the art of film – and, at the time of his death, he was writing an autobiographical novel. But Bourne elevated three causes above all others: he extolled youth, he abhorred war, and he believed passionately in the solidarity of middle-class intellectuals.

As one of the first contributing editors of *The New Republic*, Bourne wrote in 1915 a series of articles on the revolutionary new school curriculum in Gary, Indiana. He was so enthusiastic for this experiment to retrieve eight "wasted years" from the lives of our school children that he influenced officials in New York to bring the plan there. Although the failure of the New York version of the experiment taught him a great deal about local politics, Bourne's confidence in the younger generation remained unimpaired – until the following year, when he turned his attention to the effects of war psychology on the educationist creed of "adjustment." He realized that the literal acceptance of an instrumental attitude toward life had turned our most intelligent and energetic young people into efficient instruments of a war psychology. Our youth, he saw, had "no clear philosophy of life except that of intelligent service, the admirable adaptation of means to ends." Moreover, he understood the fundamental defect of the fashionable theories of "adaptation" or "adjustment":

> "[There is] no provision for thought or experience getting beyond itself. If your ideal is to be adjusted to your situation, in radiant cooperation with reality, then your success is likely to be just that and no more. You never transcend anything. You grow, but your spirit never jumps out of your skin to go on wild adventures."

Bourne wrote for pacifist organizations, but he very early abandoned hope in formal pacifism or international socialism. He invested all his faith in intellectuals, and in a series of powerful articles, explored the implications of his conviction that democracy needed the intellectual class to direct the masses. Thus, when the war became the focus for all his energies, Bourne was most deeply disturbed by the efforts of his friends to justify it as a means to a higher, more intelligent goal. He could not comprehend an intellectual acceptance of a war that he believed both unjust and undesired. War might be a desperate resort, but as an instrument of national policy, as an agency to advance social purpose, it was unthinkable. Never very secure as education editor of *The New Republic*, always conscious of his exclusion from the inner circle of the magazine, by late 1916 he realized that even his dodge of writing "more fervent things" under the disguise of his education column would not stay his alienation. The editors were then boasting that "the decisive work on behalf of war had been accomplished by . . . intellectuals." By May of 1917 they still maintained that the war was "a great opportunity,"

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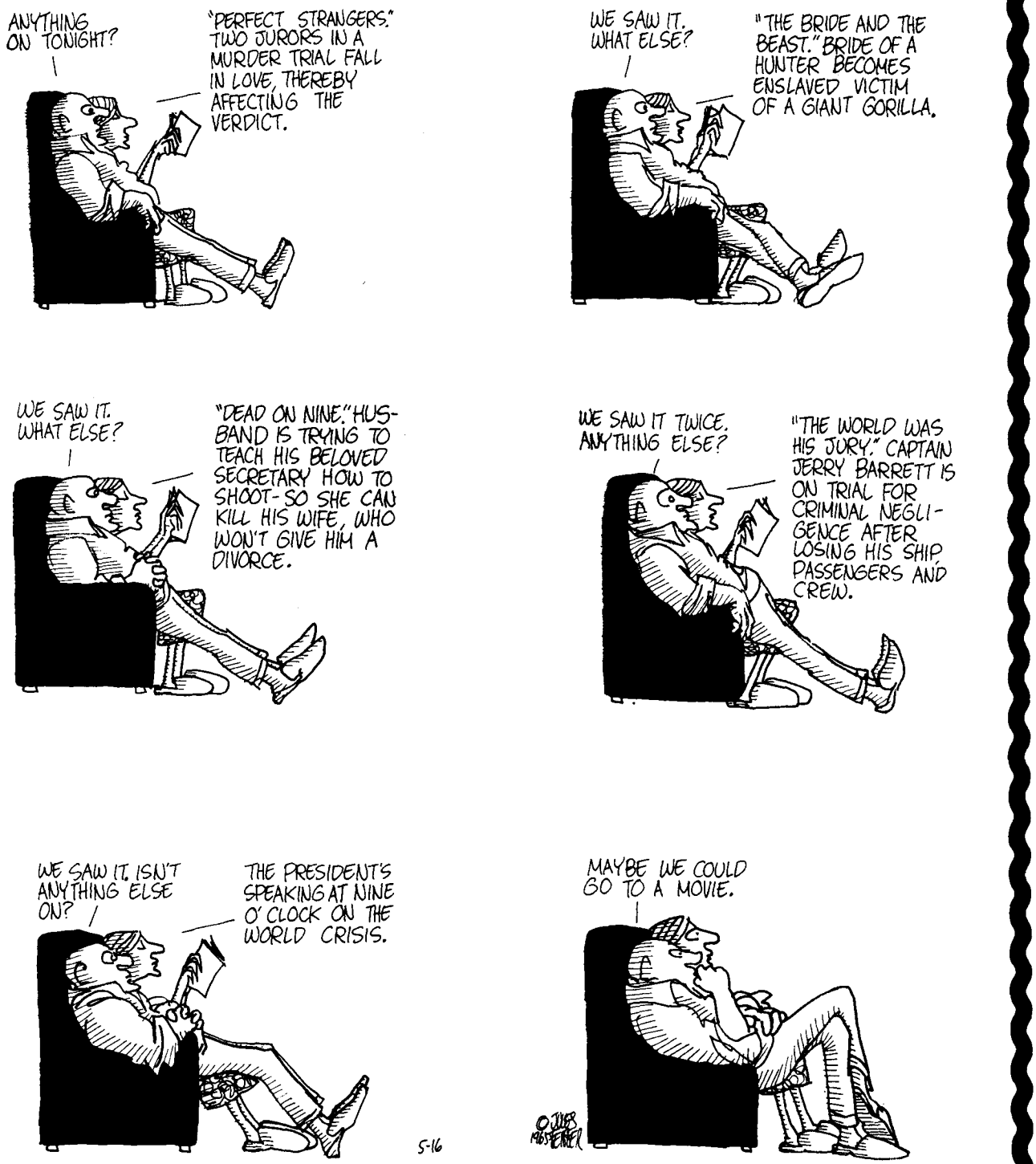
JULES FEIFFER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"DEAD ON NINE." HUSBAND IS TRYING TO TEACH HIS BELOVED SECRETARY HOW TO SHOOT - SO SHE CAN KILL HIS WIFE, WHO WON'T GIVE HIM A DIVORCE.
WE SAW IT TWICE. ANYTHING ELSE?
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5-16
MAYBE WE COULD GO TO A MOVIE.
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and in August they declared that "the function of war in international politics should not differ from the function of surgery in the preservation of health." One by one, Bourne's colleagues transferred their energies from education to mobilization, from philosophy to war strategy: Charles Beard, Frederick Keppel, Walter Lippmann, John Dewey. It very nearly did Bourne in, and his earlier fears for America returned to haunt him:

> ". . . with our deep-seated distrust of social equality, our incapacity for political life, our genius for race-prejudice, our inarticulateness and short-sightedness, it seems . . . probable that we shall evolve away from democracy instead of towards it."

One of the several virtues of the present collection is the section devoted to "other voices." Bourne wrote in response to the polemics of his time, and the revival of papers by such as John Reed, Norman Thomas, A. O. Lovejoy and President Wilson serves well to reveal the agility of Bourne's mind and the power of his prose. In her stimulating, straightforward introduction, Lillian Schlissel has additionally offered a nice comparison with Thoreau, of whom Bourne is surely a direct descendant. She has wisely chosen to emphasize, in both her selection and her introduction, Bourne's social and political rhetoric; however his significance as a literary critic needn't have been neglected. Inclusion of an essay like "Our Cultural Humility" would have given a better impression of Bourne's ceaseless and influential efforts to correct the prejudices of American literature. He was, after all, one of the most brilliant of those who fought to give American writers a real confidence in their native materials, a standard of honesty, and a critical and disillusioned understanding of their problems. He had nothing but contempt for the Genteel Tradition and for academic standardizers; neither did he hesitate to roast "pachydermous vulgarisms" of Dreiser and Mencken.

He was a genuine tough guy. If not as tough as Orwell, or as savage as that other gnome, Pope, he was more committed than either, and his commitment was the measure of his torment. Had he lived beyond 32, he would have surely worked through the agony of his misplaced confidence in intellectual solidarity, would have evolved new possibilities for turning culture into power. He might even have come to appreciate the irony of that characteristically American messianic attitude that had so disillusioned him in the preacher-President. For Randolph Bourne and Woodrow Wilson shared more of a common seed than either would have liked to admit.

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ART

Knaths and Morris in Washington

Quite apart from cherry blossoms and lie-ins at the White House, Washington is having a remarkable spring. The institutional art situation, as distinct from dealers' galleries, is moving steadily into the class heretofore occupied by New York alone. With the arrival of the Smithsonian as an active force in the town's art, due this summer, the change will be complete. Meanwhile the vitality of the place has been manifest in the almost simultaneous arrival of two one man shows by American artists of fundamental importance in the century, Karl Knaths at the Phillips Collection, and George L. K. Morris at the Corcoran Gallery.

Both stand and have always stood somewhat apart from the center of the mainstream at almost any point in their long, productive and not particularly related careers. Knaths has done so quietly, living in Provincetown for decades, painting steadily away at highly abstract landscapes and still lifes and occasional figures, content to refine his art and only rarely showing up on the New York art circuit. Morris, by contrast, was removed from the popular center of the art of his American time despite his constant efforts to enlarge that center to include his kind of art. Now about 60, he became a voice in the wilderness quite young, crying out for some acceptance of abstraction in the American art world and not getting very far. Then, in the years after World War II, the acceptance he had demanded came spilling out like a bumper harvest, but the acceptance was still not for him and the words "abstract art," by which he had lived for so long, upon which, indeed, he seemed at moments to have had the American franchise – came to mean something different, something wilder, more emotional, without any discipline at all and discipline had always been his strong point.

They make an interesting pair. Knaths has always been more closely bound to the scene around him, though both men occupy a zone somewhere between a concern with actual appearances and total nonobjectivity.

The Corcoran's exhibition of Morris

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goes back more than 30 years and includes sculpture as well as painting. It reveals an early and continuing awareness of Cubism, an awareness more evident in the sculpture than in the painting. From the earliest efforts, those of a man in his twenties, Morris could model or assemble Cubist constructions of balance, energy and grace. His early paintings, on the other hand, were feeble at times. There is a scene of an Indian war that is downright embarrassing in its ineptitude and this quality of uncertainty shows up again in the more mature, more abstract paintings.

A long time ago now, Morris found himself a pattern and works predominantly within that pattern. Yet he has so diligently and thoroughly explored what can be done within a rather narrow scope, that the show never gives the impression of being the same picture done over and over again with different colors or different details. The Morris pattern is that of a structured vortex, whirling in very orderly fashion from the edges of the canvas right into the center, but with the walls of this whirlpool made of flat planes rather than of curved surfaces. The planes are conceived with great subtlety and variety, their direction and recession being fixed by a checkerboard pattern colored, usually, in pastels and grays and whites. The effect is somewhat similar to that of looking down the well of a staircase in a square tower. Within the planes and sometimes cutting across them appear words from the public life of the city, as they might appear in signs but very attenuated, floating, unobtrusive. Also floating above the vortex of checkerboard planes are various shapes which have the effect of stabilizing the in-going spiral. Sometimes these look like clouds, sometimes like boomerangs, but what they do is provide a separate, overall plane that encloses all the fragments of plane that make up the vortex. Hence, out of all this, Morris creates a remarkable picture that both whirls you away into its central vanishing point and remains stable. He has revived the Renaissance tondo, the round picture, and abstracted its technical problems into an aesthetic object that fascinates and pleases the beholder.

There are obvious comments about the pace of urban life going on in this pattern, with its quiet references to street signs, yet the pictures are anything but social comment. The material of the city is precisely that and nothing more: material out of which Morris has built his own art. As you progress through the show at the Corcoran it is clear that he has been painting better than ever for about the last ten years. The unsure notes have long since gone and the work has strength and delicacy, and an apparently endless variety within the basic complex pattern.

Karl Knaths presents a contrast to Morris yet a similarity in source. The source for both is French, the main line of modern paintings from Cézanne to Braque, yet both Americans have departed from their French origins by goodly distances, Morris in the direction of a Futurism redeemed by good taste, Knaths in the direction of German Expressionism redeemed by sanity and calm.

The show at the Phillips goes back only some twenty years and hence does not show the development of Knaths in as spectacular a way as the Corcoran shows that of Morris. Two decades ago Knaths was already in full command and every picture in the show is worth study for itself alone, without regard to the unfolding of an artistic sensitivity. Just the same there is a burst of growth beyond growth in the work of the last five or six years. There are 19 pictures from the last half dozen years and they are distinguished from the earlier work chiefly by color. Color has always been part of the virtue of Karl Knaths, but the color has been limited. Great richness derives from the few colors used, often purple and lavender against grays and greens. Cape Cod is not an especially colorful place if you don't count the people, and Knaths worked within the Cape colors, the green of the scrub vegetation, the brown flanks of the deer that may still be found, the contrasts between salt water and fresh ponds, the deep purple of inside a clam shell. In the pictures of the last half dozen years he has expanded that range. There is a brightness and sparkle like that of the sea in a brisk wind on a clear day. The surfaces in Knaths' paintings have always been built up slowly and patiently out of thousands of tiny, dry brushstrokes, which, in their myriad austerity, have suggested the structure of the universe. Now color has burst forth as if the whole orchestra came in on cue to vary and amplify and enhance the melodic line carried until now by a few strings and a woodwind. The pumpkin and a bunch of ripe bananas have been added to the clocks and decoy ducks that were still life subjects for so long. And one gorgeous picture adds cows to his familiar deer and the cows are pink and green, lumbering out of the distance toward the surface, a new movement in Knaths' paintings.

FRANK GETLEIN

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To Tell the Truth

In art, not in sociology or parenthood, teen-age problems tend quickly to be boring. It is a rare film or novel that can treat adolescent introspection interestingly for anyone who has lived long enough to see the subject in some perspective.

Despite its technical competence and earnest intent, *Nobody Waved Goodbye* is a victim, not a medium, of its teen-age problems. This is a full-length film produced by the National Film Board of Canada, an institution of many achievements too little known and emulated in this country. Made with actors in documentary style, the picture tells of the troubled summer of an 18-year-old Toronto boy, the son of well-to-do parents: how he quits high school before he graduates, gets jobs and lives by himself; his romance with a schoolmate; his gradual involvement in petty thievery; his theft of a car and of money and his attempted flight with his now-pregnant girl friend; her decision to leave him to straighten himself out when she learns of the thefts; his departure to face himself and the future.

Nobody Waved Goodbye (Cinema V)
Chronicle of a Summer (Pathé Contemporary)
Variety Lights (Pathé Contemporary)

It all rings absolutely true; there is not a false moment in it; nor is there a moment of enlightenment. Every move is believable and predictable. This is, indeed, how an 18-year-old frets at being a young man in a child's circumstances, how a well-meaning, muddled mother sets her foot down firmly and wrongly, how a generous, weak father runs out of patience, how kids frolic and quarrel together, how a sum of frustrations can push an intelligent boy into lawless acts and quick rationalizations of them. It is all so lifelike that there is absolutely no reason to see it.

A prevalent delusion of film-makers is that anything, however commonplace, becomes fascinating just by being put on film; and the delusion is engorged when a documentary style is used: *i.e.*, lots of shooting on streets or in real buildings, "live" sound instead of studio re-recording, lighting that disturbs actuality as little as possible. These surface realities are meant to testify to greater candor and pertinence than in conventional film-making. The basic delusion, if pursued, would lead to a general cinema of home movies. The additional documentary delusion, pursued mindlessly, leads to the aesthetic level of the hi-fi fan who treasures stereo tapes made at auto races and in freight yards.

Compare this Canadian film with Olmi's *The Sound of Trumpets* (or, as it ought to be known, *The Job*), which also employs the documentary style and which also concerns two teenagers. In terms of dramatic incident, there is much less in Olmi's film, yet in essence and in sum, very much more happens. Olmi uses the documentary style to convert surfaces into contexts, and heightens this subtly stylized effect by the way in which he distills his narrative materials and then places them in these contexts. Thus there is a tension between character and environment, not a facile photographer's propensity to mistake one for the other. Most important, Olmi cuts through the quotidian mummy-wrappings of his youths to the timely, timeless quintessentials. They become much more than merely recognizable, they become moving: our adolescent vicars.

The Canadian film never progresses past credibility, for which we don't need films; life is credible enough. Don Owens, the director, adds not one jot to our previous understanding of such boys or girls or families or difficulties. All he has done is set down sympathetically some of what we already know. Every society has its holy objects to which mana is attributed. In our society these objects seem to be certain techniques: like those of camera, sound recording, social casework.

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The villagers, of Greenwich or elsewhere, may be impressed; but those who want something more than elevation of totems are left hungry.

Dan Talbot of the New Yorker Theater in Manhattan continues his estimable work of importing neglected, noteworthy foreign films. One of them, much discussed but unfortunately disappointing, is related to the Canadian film in method, although it employs no actors. *Chronicle of a Summer* is a "straight" documentary, made in the method called *cinema-vérité*, a method developed since the improvement of the hand-held camera and portable sound recorder. These improvements afford more flexibility, and they offer more possibilities for impromptu, spontaneous shooting.

No sooner had these mechanical improvements been achieved than lead-brained sociological types – particularly in France – came clomping into cinema, shouting that at last it was free of studio arrangement, fictive device, at last it could show Life. What (to begin with) this indicates of their understanding of art is too pitiful to be belabored here. But what has resulted from most of their efforts is ludicrous. Some cinema verists, notably Americans – have put the theory to highly interesting tests. But what has been accomplished by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin, the makers of and participants in *Chronicle*? Liberated from the bonds of studio arrangements, dollies, mike booms, they have taken some shots of people walking in the street; but principally they have filmed and recorded interviews at dinner tables, in living rooms, on stairs. It is all about as "liberated" cinematically as the film clips on your nightly TV newscast.

The object of this exercise was to discover how people were feeling in the summer of 1960 in Paris. The answer: real bad. Most of them, students, workers, intellectuals, are as shruggingly *triste* as any revue caricature of café existentialism. There is a particularly distressing section when Morin, who is interviewing and whom we quickly come to loathe, presses a patently neurotic Italian girl to tell us more and more of her troubles. I didn't want *cinema-vérité* for her, I wanted an ambulance to the nearest analyst. As if the general jawing were not bad enough, the film concludes with the subjects of the interviews watching the films of their interviews and then discussing them. I suppose they then watched the film of their discussion and discussed *that*.

The simple point that men like Rouch and Morin cannot or will not understand, quite apart from the truth of art, is that to dispense with studios and makeup and script and obvious artifices is no guarantee at all of unalloyed objectivity. This film is still a work of selection and reveals much about the selectors. It reveals that for their subjects, Rouch and Morin selected victims of *Angst*. It also reveals that, under and because of the duo's portentous gab in the film, they are stupid.

A much more interesting Talbot importation is *Variety Lights*, Federico Fellini's first film which he co-directed with Alberto Lattuada in 1950. It is an undistinguished backstage story of a poor Italian touring troupe of vaudevillians, but the soggy story is well told. Fellini has said that he collaborated so closely with Lattuada that their individual contributions cannot be assayed; nevertheless, there are numerous elements that suggest qualities in later Fellini films. The troupe's expedition to a lawyer's home for dinner and dancing – walking through the woods at night – is reminiscent of *La Dolce Vita* as, obviously, is a piggy-back sequence at a party. The backstage atmosphere is like *Cabiria* and *La Strada*, the small town *ennui* is like *I Vitelloni*. There are some familiar faces in the troupe: Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo (later the prudish Dr. Antonio in *Boccaccio '70*). It would be purely retrospective foresight to claim that one can predict the virtuosity of Fellini from this film, but there are felicities of execution all through it – whether Lattuada or Fellini – that lift it out of the ordinary.

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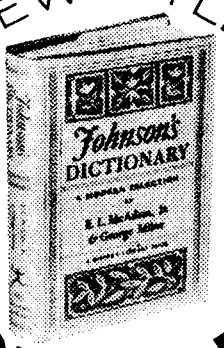

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Russia, the US and Vietnam

Sirs:

Congratulations on Hans J. Morgenthau's article on "Russia, the US and Vietnam" (May 1). In contrast to the remarkably facile way in which most articles and statements in this country have "disposed" of the Soviet reaction to our moves in Vietnam, this is I believe the first article I have seen which hits the nail on the head.

Alexander Dallin
Columbia University

When Professor Morgenthau claims that, ". . . the so-called 'Domino Theory' . . . is unsupported by any historic evidence," the confusion in his argument suggests a serious weakness in his whole position. He begins by applying the same term, "went Communist," to widely differing cases – those in which a Communist regime came to power by winning an internal struggle (Russia and China), and those in which it was set up by a Soviet army of occupation (Poland and Hungary). He then goes on to say, "Social and, more particularly, revolutionary change is not the mechanical result of imitation and prestige but of objective conditions peculiar to individual nations." Which seems implicitly to rule out the possibility that Communist rule may be imposed by external force. Thus, Professor Morgenthau does not try to meet and refute the substantial arguments on which the "Domino Theory" depends, that Viet Cong is not merely an indigenous rebellion but also an agency of external aggression, and that a Communist victory in South Vietnam would both encourage the use of a similar strategy against other countries and also weaken the will to resist such aggression. Instead, he sets up a system of theory in terms of which he cannot think about these issues and can only refute a straw-man theory about the spread of Communism by imitation.

In fact, history provides a series of instances, from Poland in 1920 to South Korea in 1950, in which some country did not "go Communist" because an invading Communist army was defeated. And Greece provided a case more analogous to Vietnam. The Greek government, even with American assistance, found it hard to defeat a Communist rebellion so long as the rebels had bases in and assistance from neighboring Communist ruled countries.

The Russian reactions which Professor Morgenthau reports are a natural result of the failure by Western statesmen and Western scholars to press for discussion of the principles involved in peaceful co-existence. Suppose that it had been made clear some years ago that competitive co-existence implies that the same rules should apply to both sides, that, if some Communist-ruled country sends its armed forces into a non-Communist country to aid a "war of liberation," it lays itself open to military action in retaliation. It would then have been harder for Khrushchev to proclaim support for peaceful co-existence because he would not have been able to appease the Soviet "hard liners" with the argument that he had not renounced support for "wars of liberation." On the other hand, the Russians would have had to face the issues of principle involved in peaceful co-existence without the emotional complications caused by an actual conflict and would have known in advance that, if they approved the movement of North Vietnamese army units into South Vietnam, they must take into account the likelihood of military actions against North Vietnam.

Professor Morgenthau's present position is a fairly logical extension of his earlier theory, that the desire for power and domination is the fundamental motive behind all national policies. This implies that world politics is a zero-sum game in which conflicts can only be settled by one party yielding, and that the only way to avoid, or at least postpone, a larger scale war is to allow "Great Powers" to expand their domination to natural geo-political limits. Equally logical argument from a similar theory led Professor E. H. Carr to support the Munich Agreement.

A different and, I would argue, a better founded view of world politics sees the desire for domination by military force as a recurrent though pathological motivation in foreign policy which becomes more dangerous to world

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peace the longer it develops unresisted. This view implies that, if only aggression is firmly resisted, competitive coexistence can then remain peaceful and can be considered, not merely as a form of conflict, but also as a joint experiment in comparing the relative merits of different social systems.

Michael Lindsay
Chevy Chase, Md.

. . . Mr. Morgenthau's argument of impending massive Soviet participation in Vietnam presupposes the existence of a strong USSR leadership. Even Mr. Morgenthau is forced to admit that no such leadership now exists. He indicates in his article that the power holders are not hard-line revolutionaries and exporters of Communism by force but are representatives of "peaceful coexistence."

Observation of their actions indicates that these leaders react to world pressure not by an outward-reaching, aggressive policy aimed at reshaping the sources of unwelcome pressures but by an inward consolidation. The turn toward consolidation – especially in the sphere of agriculture and the production of consumer goods – was the result of what the present power-holders considered the failure of a double-pronged Khrushchev policy that tried to spur the economy while sidetracking resources toward an aggressive and opportunistic foreign policy. With this failure fresh in mind, the present moderate leaders are not likely to be replaced soon, especially if their plans for the economy are rewarded by concrete results which can only be attained by minimal participation in such adventures as Vietnam.

It therefore seems that there is at least an even chance that East and West are *not* moving toward "that military confrontation which nobody wants." Rather the resistance of the United States to overt challenge from Red China is likely to be rewarded by a Soviet wait-and-see attitude, no doubt including some pious Muscovite hopes that Red China's too-overt policy of running foreign rebellions will fall flat on its face. Consequently there is also an even chance that no all-out war will result and that the split is not being healed by, but rather emphasized by, the strong US position vis-à-vis Red China.

Ralph P. Hummel
Silver Spring, Md.

Starvation or Birth Control?

Sirs:

The well-known *Triple Revolution* statement by the *Ad Hoc Committee* is a challenging and generally convincing document but, for some unexplained reason, the 30-odd wisemen who produced it (including Gunnar Myrdal) failed to equip the wagon with a much needed fourth wheel: population control. This omission is painfully obvious in Mr. Myrdal's "Will We Prevent Mass Starvation?" (April 29). A careful reading of the article suggests that the author is seriously alarmed about birth; but has forgotten all about birth control.

As an old admirer of Myrdal, I can only wonder if he has quietly embraced the theory (advanced by Grenville Clark and others) and apparently accepted by dozens of agencies dedicated to lowering the death rate. Clark believes that people with a very low standard of living are not interested and cannot be persuaded to be interested in planned parenthood; that therefore nothing really effective can be accomplished here until the 1980's and 1990's when (under peace and world government) a higher living standard may largely abolish poverty and thus provide motivation for lowering the birth rate.

This theory is a dangerous half truth. Poverty has been, and may increasingly be, a powerful motive *for* birth control. In Mexico, for instance, among the desperately poor, the demand for contraceptives, especially the pill, has repeatedly exceeded the supply. And

Notes on Contributors

Nathaniel McKitterick *is a consultant on international affairs.* Stephen Mooney *is a young Alabama poet,* Patrick O'Donovan *is a foreign correspondent for* The Observer (London). George Eagle *is on the staff of* The Washington Post. Lawrence Grauman *teaches history at New York University.*

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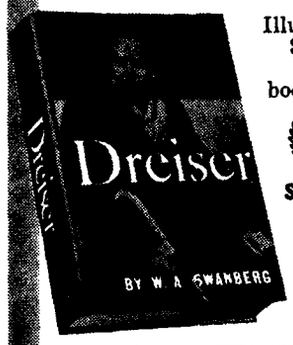

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when the desperate mother finds relief, the good news spreads fast. A similar response is typical in Taiwan and Korea. Even among the illiterate the pill – and increasingly the plastic loop or ring – is proving highly effective.

If we are to "prevent mass starvation" we dare not wait a couple of decades or even a few years before 1) tripling or quadrupling contraceptive research, 2) widely distributing the most effective materials where most needed, and 3) instructing parents in overpopulated countries in their use.

Gerald Barnes
Denver, Colorado

Kempton's Apologia for Carey

Sirs:

Murray Kempton, in his article "Counted Out" (April 24) speaking of James B. Carey, ex-President of the International Union of Electrical Workers says:

> "It was Carey's habit to go to war with the enemy before the enemy became fashionable and it was usually his disaster to be made unpopular by this vice of perception."

Is Kempton here trying to tell us that union democracy is the next fashionable enemy in the labor movement and that Carey, now in disgrace as a result of vote fraud, is really only a prophet before his time? Is James Carey now made unpopular simply because vote-stealing is an avant-garde activity to which bourgeois old George Meany is not yet hip?

Is the distaste felt by other labor leaders toward Carey's impotence before GE, his purges, blacklists and messy vendettas really the product of squareness which will be washed away by the flooding of the new wave?

Kempton's disenchantment with the contemporary labor movement has often been expressed. Perhaps his scarcely credible apology for Carey is based upon the thesis that anyone who gives Meany the hives can't be all bad.

Entertained as he has been by Carey's invective and affronts, Kempton gives him generous dispensation. It might be in better taste to leave forgiveness to those sinned against, and to concentrate as a writer, upon writing with higher respect for truth.

Andrew Bennett
Alexandria, Virginia

The Phenomenon Called Mencken

Sirs:

Would Gerald W. Johnson ("The Phenomenon Called Mencken," April 17) take a few more lines to explain why he thinks H. L. Mencken's failure as a political analyst (as contrasted with his success as literary and social critic) "probably has to do with the over-compensation of an emotional man terrified of emotionalism"? The connection is certainly not an obvious one.

Lyell Henry
Skillman, New Jersey

In reply:

Mencken, a hard worker, confessed that he was emotionally moved by the spectacle of a man hard at work and tended to give such fellows more credit than they deserved. His friends know that he was quickly moved to wrath by cases of individual injustice, and he knew that his wrath sometimes clouded his judgment. In the appraisal of a literary work, or in a purely intellectual controversy – what he called "the battle of ideas" – this factor is of small importance, but in political affairs it is often, one is tempted to say usually, decisive. Mencken, aware of this danger, over-compensated. A discussion of style, of logic, of erudition he entered with easy confidence; but a discussion of politics he entered braced against the danger of allowing emotion to sweep him into sentimentality, therefore with a rigidity as dangerous to correct judgment as flaccid emotionalism. I believe that this is what made him an excellent judge of ideas but a highly fallible judge of men; but, as I noted in my review, it is an aspect of Mencken that remains to be examined by a competent critic.

Gerald W. Johnson

Litton Industries

Sirs:

Your "Big and Little Fish" (April 24) refers to Litton Industries, ("... Litton Industries, not in existence a dozen years ago, now makes everything from pressure sensitive adhesive tape to nuclear-powered submarines . . ."). TRB leaves out that it was one of the first major wide-ranging firms to have an Economic Development Division which has a contract to run the Parks Job Corps Training Center (the biggest urban center to date which will take 2,000 boys 16 to 21 for vocational and job preparation), and another contract with the Area Redevelopment Agency dealing with Appalachia problems. Another Litton Division, Adler Educational Systems, is a sub-contractor of the Univ. of Indiana Corporation which will run a Job Corps Training Center at Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Companies like Litton (which has 63,000 employees, of which it trained 18,000 to perform the high technology tasks they do) have extensive experiences in job training to match job requirements and projections.

But tell TRB we ain't as dismayed as San Francisco must be to find someone still calling that team the *New York* Giants, and selling them to CBS. If that

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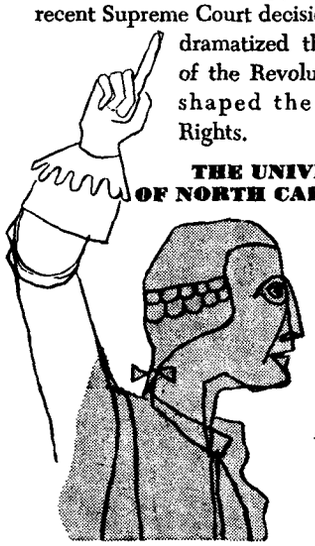
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is true, and CBS now owns both the Yankees and the Giants, what used to be a subway series will turn into a coaxial clash.

Col. Barney Oldfield, USAF (Ret.)
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Peace Corps and Poor Corps

Sirs:

I share your concern ("Justice at Justice," May 1) that the Criminal Justice Office does not have a full-time director. Apparently, however, it is not at all uncommon in our government for the head of an agency or office to devote only part of his time to the duties of his appointment. Most disconcerting for me is the fact that neither the Peace Corps nor the Poor Corps have a full-time director. For over a year Mr. Sargent Shriver has had to share his time with both organizations.

Richard L. Vittitow
Waltham, Massachusetts

Marching Students

Sirs:

Thank you for your warm and sympathetic editorial in your May 1 issue on the March on Washington. As a participant in that March, my feeling of being alienated from and irrelevant to American society deepened as a result of the coverage which we received in the American news media. The vibrant sincerity and depth of feeling which I experienced on April 17 among 20,000 marchers was somehow transformed into a frivolous week-end rally by a group of bearded beatnicks (now "peacenicks") on the level of the apparently equally numerous Nazi and right-wing counterpickets.

Finding oneself thus dismissed (as in *The New York Times*), and more often vilified . . . one reacts by either becoming morbidly and blindly oppositionist . . . or cynical, bitter and withdrawn.

Your friendly editorial will have the beneficial effect of reinforcing our sense of dignity and thus of encouraging us to continue our protest in a responsible fashion.

Frederick E. Berger, Chairman
Metropolitan New York Region
United States National
Student Association

The Good Old Gerrymander

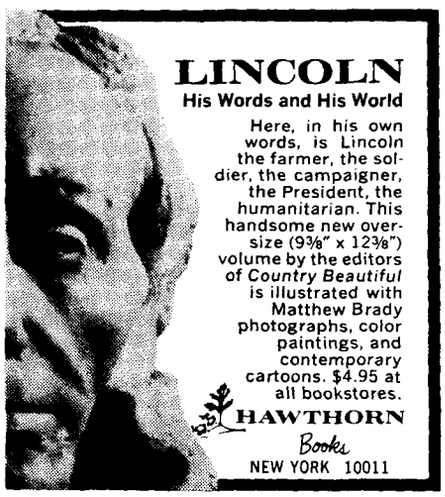
Sirs:

Concerning "Dirksen's Double Play" (April 17): I disagree with the statement that resolutions from 34 states would "compel Congress to call a constitutional convention" on legislative reapportionment. Resolutions produced thus far have come for the most part from states whose legislatures are meeting under federal court order to reapportion by population. These resolutions probably would be declared null and void if challenged since they represent attempts by illegally constituted legislatures to legalize themselves.

In this connection, a motion was filed April 6 in a continued North Dakota apportionment suit asking a federal court in effect to restrain the malapportioned 1965 State Legislature from acting upon any reapportionment amendment to the US Constitution that may be proposed by Congress as the present Legislature "is not a truly representative body and should not be permitted to pass upon so vital a matter."

Also, a minor correction: North Dakota's Legislature did not adopt "the full resolution" asking a constitutional convention as stated in the article. This was defeated by 52-55 in the House, newly reapportioned, after passing the Senate, malapportioned. Later, however, a measure urging Congress to directly propose a Dirksen-style amendment was rammed through.

Dick Dobson
Minot, N. D.



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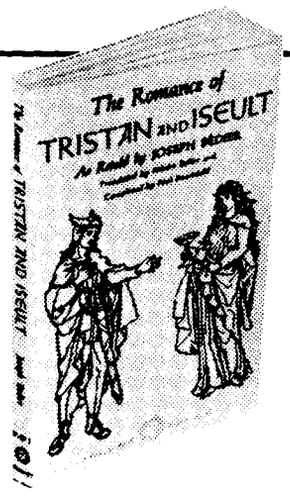

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